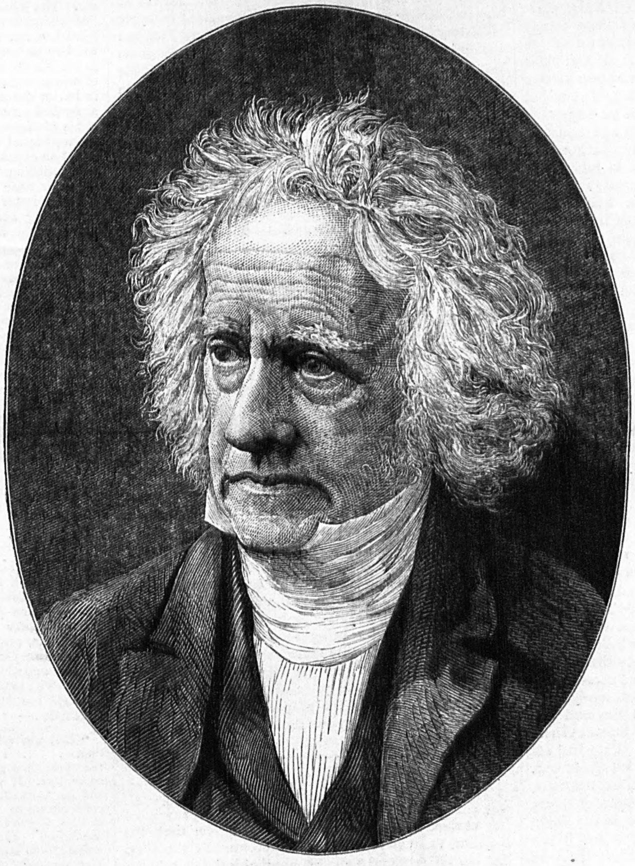
THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

VOL. I.—NO. 13. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.] PRICE THREEPENCE. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

IT is ninety years since Sir William Herschel discovered the seventh planet, and it is eighty-one years since the birth of Sir John Herschel, whose death occurred on the 11th of May, and whose portrait appears on this page. Sir John Herschel was born to a scientific career. He learned to walk under the shadow of his father's wonderful forty-foot telescope, and he was taught to utter infantile sounds and syllables in a house wherein the terminology of the stars and planets and satellites, their movements and relations, was more familiar than that of household gossip. For nearly a hundred years the name of Herschel has been almost synonymous with astronomy, in every civilised land, and the great man lately dead has most worthily borne all the honours of the name first rendered great by his father. The life of Sir John Herschel from his cradle was absolutely devoted to science. He began as a child to assist the great Sir William Herschel in his studies, and he was himself the first and foremost of astronomers from the date of his father's death in 1822 until his own life's end half a century later. Sir John was Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman at Cambridge in 1813. Having won the highest university honours, he devoted himself with rare application to the pursuit of higher mathematics and theoretic physics, and published a work on the differential calculus. Next he spent many years in making and calendaring observations on the distances and positions of the stars, clusters and nebulæ. This occupied him for eight years. His catalogue includes upwards of 2,300 nebulæ, of which 525 were discovered by himself; and while he was occupied in this study he found between three and four thousand double stars not before known to ancient or modern observers of the heavens. Four years, from 1834 to 1838, he spent at the Cape of Good Hope, watching with a Newtonian telescope the southern sphere of the "hollow gulf of stars." The results of his labours were most valuable, and his honours were great on his return. The father had been made a knight; on the son was conferred a baronetcy. He was a hard worker all his days, not for profit, for his means were ample, but out of a pure love of science. His writings, not on astronomy alone, but on many branches of scientific investigation, are very voluminous. He has written for the learned, and he has written for the people: always in pure and eloquent English, inspired by a lofty imagination. There is a warmth of colouring in all his explanations and all his descriptions. Not the bare facts only, but the marvellous aspect of them affected his mind strongly, and he spoke always with a certain enthusiasm which has done much to incite his readers, and especially the young, to go on in pursuit of the knowledge which so inspired the master. A glorious life indeed must have been that of the man who, without let or worldly care, could follow out under every advantage the pursuits which had for him so great a power of fascination. "One in a million lives," says a biographer who knew him well, writing of him in the *Daily News*, "affords the pleasant spectacle of a happiness beyond that of continuous prosperity—the spectacle of high intellectual and moral enjoyment, secured, and not impaired, by continuous outward good fortune. Such a life seems to have been that of Sir John Herschel. His own repeated, heartfelt, and eloquent assertions and descriptions of the advantages and pleasures of the pursuit of science show what it was to him to pass his life, and a long life, amidst that splendid scenery of the universe which is hidden from the uninstructed eye, like spiritual delights from the carnal and selfish worldling, and which, like those higher affections, make earth very like heaven, and labour the same thing as reward. Independent in circumstances, starting with a name already venerated, prepared for his life's work by the best education which was attainable in his day, and free to shape his course at his own will, John Herschel might seem to have had his good things early, and to be doomed to go through his natural share of trouble and difficulty at a later time. But, to all appearance, that time never came; and his day was one of Midsummer brightness from the rising to the setting of his sun. So it appears to outside observers; and there can be no doubt of the leading conditions of his life being eminently favourable. For the rest, the fond devotedness of his pursuit of science, the courteous, not to say courtly, tone of his recognition of other people's merits, and the candour with which he admitted himself to be outdone on particular points, or mistaken in acts or opinions, are evidences that the interior life was calm and bright, like the external." From the same writer we quote the following not very familiar facts of the antecedents of this now English family of the Herschels:—"The little that is known of his ancestors is honourable. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as the representatives of three generations



SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

were called, were sound Protestants, in days and in places where Protestantism was a reproach. Abraham Herschel, the great-great-grandfather of John, was expelled from Mahren, his place of residence, on account of his Protestantism. Isaac, his son, was a farmer near Leipsig. Jacob, son of Isaac, declined agricultural pursuits, and gave expression to the family aptitude for music by making it his profession, by bringing up five sons to the same calling, and by developing musical ability in all his ten children. Among the five was the astronomer, Frederick William, who was born at Hanover in 1738, and came to England at one-and-twenty, a professional musician, but caring even more for something else than music—for metaphysics. To the end of his life, when he was known all over the world for his astronomical discoveries, his chief delight was in metaphysical study and argumentation. Perhaps we may ascribe to this taste, prevailing in the little household at Slough, the tendency of his scientific son to diverge into metaphysical criticism whenever his theme, or any interruption of it, afforded occasion in the course of composition." To this we will add only the brief story of the late baronet's career outside the domain of science. He married in 1829 Margaret Brodie, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, by whom he had a family of nine daughters and three sons. One of the former is married to General the Hon. Alexander Gordon, uncle of the present Lord Aberdeen, and own heir presumptive to that title. His youngest son is an officer in the Royal Bengal Engineers. He is succeeded in the title by his son, Mr. William James Herschel, of the Bengal Civil Service, who was born in 1833, and married in 1864 Miss Anne Emma Haldane Hardcastle, daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Hardcastle, of Hatcham, Surrey.

THE VACANT THRONE.

It is no business of ours. The people of France must choose whom they please for their King, their Emperor, or their President. It is for them to say whether they will stand by the tricolour, swear by the red, or bow down the knee to the white. At first sight the position of a ruler of France does not seem so very desirable. We can imagine many a fate that might befall a man better calculated to promote his happiness and to render the prospects of his old age satisfactory. He who ascends that throne must not live very long, unless he is willing to die at last in misfortune and exile. Yet there are candidates enough for this unique honour. Here are a Bourbon, half-a-dozen Orleanists, and perhaps two or three of the Bonapartes, intriguing for the topmost place; and here are several orders of Republicans, and many leaders of political opinion, hoping and striving for the unenviable chance of directing the affairs of that humiliated and hapless nation.

It was not so a little while ago in a neighbouring kingdom. For the throne of Spain there were almost no candidates. The Crown went begging, and was refused in all quarters. For many months neither Latins nor Teutons would have anything to do with the brilliant prize that was to be had pretty nearly for the asking. Princes, Prince Consorts, Royal Dukes, and the cousins and nephews and grandsons of monarchs reigning or of sovereigns deposed or retired looked askance at this dazzling gift in the hands of the Cortes, and held aloof.

The contrast between these two cases is striking. It is not easy to decide why the one honour should be held so lightly, and the other sought after with so much eagerness. Spain is not a despicable country; her history is not without glory. There was a day when her word was little less than a law to Europe. There was a time when the Kings of France dared not throw down the gauntlet to those of the peninsula which held the keys of the Mediterranean. A new world—the greatest prize that ever offered itself to the civilised races of the Eastern Hemisphere—lay out in the West, ready to be seized at small cost of enterprise, and England and Spain divided the vast continent between them. Where were the French and the Germans then? They had not much to do with the competition. They left the labour, the danger, and the reward to the two dominant nations, and never did country let slip such a chance of future greatness. Since then the land of Ferdinando and Philip II. has played hack with its own fortunes, but it has not wholly destroyed them; and in the same time the history of France has not been all sunshine. A time has come when Madrid might enter the lists with Paris for position and influence in Europe, and for promise of future importance in the world; and it is not quite certain that the throne from which Isabella Segunda fled in our time is not as good a prize as that which has witnessed the flight of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and the deposition of Louis XVI. and Napoleons I. and III.

It may be that accident, and not the value of the diadem, makes the difference. There are two families of Pretenders to-day in Europe. They are the Bonapartes and the Bourbons. For the former there is no empire but that of France; and they know it. Kingdoms out of Gaul might search the world through for a monarch, but they would never offer the sceptre to a member of the Corsican family. That which the descendants of the young Lieutenant of Artillery has to offer in return for the purple has no allurements for any people beyond the borders of the land that is washed by the Seine, and there is no tradition which is not a powerful argument against the claim which any one of them might advance. It is otherwise with the Bourbons. They can appeal to prescription in their behalf in almost every southern Court in Europe, and it may be safely said that there is no Throne in southern Europe for which, if it were vacant, one or another of the Bourbons would not be willing to become a candidate. When we say that the Crown of Spain went begging, the Bourbons are left out of calculation. There is scarcely a descendant of Henry Quatre, whether of the Bourbon or the Orleanist branch, who would not have accepted the place left vacant by Queen Isabella if the opportunity had offered; and one of the greatest difficulties which stood in the way of the settlement of this important question at Madrid was the candidature of the Duc de Montpensier. Therefore there is not much to wonder at in the competition for the Throne of France, and in the long vacancy of that of Spain by reason of the want of an eligible candidate. Take away the Bourbons—including their cousins of the Orleans branch—and remove the Bonapartes out of the field. What then follows? Why, that probably not a man in Europe could be found who would consent to be made King of France, or allow the Parisians to crown him Emperor.

The choice of France, then, lies between the Bourbons, the Bonapartes, and the Republic. Not only is it beyond the power or right of spectators to interfere with the French nation in the making of their choice, but it is hardly possible to offer advice with any degree of confidence. Among the misfortunes of France not the least is that no better alternatives are offered her.

The Duc de Chambord, Napoleon III., or the Republic. The first represents retrogression. As far as human foresight may go, founded on abundant evidence of history, it is hardly conceivable that any Bourbon should long reign over France, and of the Bourbons no man is less likely than the Duc de Chambord to hold the reins of authority for many years. He has been bred in the old traditions. His friends would be the ancient Legitimists, children of those who fled from the country ninety years ago. His Roman Catholicism resembles more nearly that of Philip II. than that of the bishops of the French Church. We can see no element in the existing character and disposition of the French people that would be likely to make secure the Bourbon dynasty. There never was one of the name—not even the first of the line, the great Henry IV., the hero of Navarre—capable of healing the internal dissensions of France, or of vigorously and at the same time judiciously repressing disturbing forces. But if we put no trust in the line thus represented, what hope have we in the Republic? Not much. The nation is not Republican. France wants stability above all things, and there is no stability—only change and anarchy—in the French Republic. So long as there is no monarch, no party will be induced to believe that the end of its chances has come; and the struggle will be perpetuated. Neither is Napoleonism promising. Except for its military traditions, this would perhaps be the best dynasty for the country; but military conquest is in the blood of the Bonapartes, and this is their ruin. If it was war that made the First Napoleon, it was war that also brought him down, as it has shattered the fortunes of his descendant of this generation. Even Prince Jerome, who has just published an eloquent and not undeserved protest against the conduct of M. Jules Favre, has not a word to say against war itself—after all the horrors of which he has been a witness; but only against the policy of declaring war without being secure of victory. What shall France do, with only these three to choose from? It is very hard to say. The Bourbons promise constitutionalism; the Republic promises peace and freedom. We have no faith in the promises of either. What offer does the ex-Emperor make? He says not a word.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Neglected Spots.

Of course Londoners and visitors agree that the Holborn Viaduct is a great improvement in the City. The old valley was the chief topographical defect in the metropolis. The Viaduct makes a level highway from East to West through London at its longest part. But what a dreary waste and ruin the works have left! If that part of the City had suffered bombardment, and nothing had been done afterwards but to throw a bridge across the ruins, the spot could not look more desolate. Is it possible that the superficial area of the City can be of such enormous value as is reported from time to time, while so much good ground lies unutilised? Where are the speculators? What are the City authorities doing that they find no customers for the low ground on which one looks over the parapet of the Viaduct?

We have a note before us which seems to indicate that something is being done to improve the aspect of this unpleasant spot. The London correspondent of the *Evesham Journal* says:—

> "An old story comes to me respecting the letting by tender of the four houses of the Holborn Viaduct, which shows that there may be such a thing as being too prompt in business. It seems the committee having the matter in hand announced that tenders for the blocks in question would be received up to a certain date; but it so happened that three or four weeks intervened between the day mentioned and the next meeting of the committee. One of the competitors, after waiting a week, and hearing nothing respecting his proposal, thought he had not offered enough, and so sent in a second tender somewhat higher than the first. This was followed in a week by a third, offering still better terms; so that when the inspection took place, the committee felt that possibly by keeping quiet a little longer they might draw out their anxious correspondent still more, and they waited accordingly, when, sure enough, in a week's time, in came tender number four, proposing a still further advance. Not to press things too far, the committee resolved this time to accept the offer; but one result of the persistency manifested was that, not only the one but all the blocks were let at far better rates than were at first looked for."

If these are facts, then enterprise is not yet dead in that locality, and we may hope to see the valley break out once again into shops and a blaze of gas.

Another neglected spot is that occupied by the old Colosseum in Regent's Park. From Gloucester Gate on the north to Euston-road on the south extends a splendid terrace of noble houses facing the Park. We never heard of anybody who ever saw one of these houses "to let." On the site of the Colosseum might be erected half a dozen villas or a magnificent mansion. But the old, black, deserted building, ready almost to fall to pieces, has stood there for many years, awaiting a purchaser of the lease.

These are among the mysteries known only to the capitalists. Those who stroll round London, looking on such scenes, and knowing how much money there is awaiting investment, can only marvel that property should lie dead so long, and hope the parties, whoever they are, who may be watching one another across such neglected places will soon be brought to terms.

Scientific Ventilation.

There was a time when ventilation in the House of Commons was equivalent to the introduction of impure air. The Thames, in those days, was so foul during the hot summer months that country people stayed away from London to avoid the unpleasant fumes. Then it used to be necessary to close the windows of the Palace at St. Stephen's for the sake of the health and comfort of the members. All that is not long ago; but we live in better times. We have a Thames Embankment and a purified river, and London is one of the healthiest of the cities of the world. The House of Commons may now be ventilated freely, and it is certainly on the hottest night as comfortable as it is possible to find the interior of a building wherein sit a large assembly of men for eight or nine hours at a stretch. We quote from a London letter in the *Leeds Mercury* the following interesting account of the official ventilation of Parliament:—

> "A gentleman frequents the Houses of Parliament whose name does not appear in public, but without whom our Legislature would fare badly. This is Dr. Percy, the well-known metallurgist. To him is entrusted the important duty of superintending the ventilation of our two Legislative Chambers. This office involves great care as well as scientific knowledge. It may seem strange to say that the amount of fresh air which has to be pumped into the House depends upon the business of the evening. But so it is. On an important debate, when the chiefs of parties are likely to speak and the House to be thronged, Dr. Percy has to increase his supply, and his mechanical arrangements are so complete that he can always tell if a favourite speaker is up. Dr. Percy, I may add, is a frequent contributor to the *Times* on scientific matters, and is one of the professors at Jermyn-street, where he is foremost in defending his institution, the School of Mines, against the covetous designs of the South Kensington folk."

We hope Dr. Percy keeps a diary. His Notes of Nights in Parliament would make an interesting book.

Dramatic Gossip.

We referred last week to the dispute about "Joan of Arc," and Mr. Tom Taylor's talent and originality as a dramatist. Collateral issues keep arising, and the controversy assumes new phases. A London correspondent of the *Birmingham Morning News* has, incidental to the discussion, revived the old troubles of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration. He says that Mr. Gruneisen is to be called to account for some "slightly-malicious" remarks he made, at the annual meeting of the Dramatic College, touching the management of that festival, and proceeds:—

> "That was a sad business, that same Tercentenary Celebration. . . . I do not know a more straightforward man in the world than Hepworth Dixon, who was the secretary of the committee. It was the fashion then to sneer at Mr. Dixon, and his earnestness and zeal in the celebration scheme gave great offence to . . . Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Shirley Brooks, and Mr. Gruneisen. They laboriously and ingeniously fostered dissension. They insinuated that the movers in the affair wanted to do honour to themselves rather than to Shakespeare. They succeeded in bringing the whole business into contempt. And now this Mr. Gruneisen, whose connection with literature and art consists chiefly, I believe, in attending the funerals of deceased celebrities in literature and art, comes forward, after an interval of years, to demand that moneys which were subscribed for one purpose shall be devoted to another. Will you permit me to predict that he will be disappointed?"

The recollection of the writer of the letter from which we make that extract does not correspond exactly with that of some others who are acquainted with the history of the Tercentenary Celebration. He is rather rash and one-sided in the distribution of censure. It is needless to remind us that the festival scheme did not work out quite happily, but there were other causes than those indicated by this gentleman, whom we are sorry to find, in another part of his letter, stooping to describe Mr. Brooks, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Gruneisen as "a small clique of literary swells."

MR. BUGG'S SCHOOL.

By Herbert Wright.

Humphrey Bugg was an oddity. I beg the reader to bear this in mind, as my tale derives all its point from that fact. His peculiarity, if peculiarity it was, was a firm belief that all and sundry such matters in his neighbour's affairs as were not in his eyes exactly correct should be set right by himself. Mr. Bugg was the type of a class which grows thick and well amongst us: comfortably placed, with leisure, a small competence, and no great ambition to increase it. When such men, who have no business of their own, have an inclination to dabble in the affairs of others, they are—well, I would rather not have much to do with them, if you please.

Have I completed my hero's portrait? Let me add another touch or two. Mr. Bugg was unmarried. He had a restless, scheming brain, and only a very slight sense of the ridiculous. Once he invented a sling to carry children in. He claimed that it was constructed on the most scientific principles. Very likely it was, but the science of the sling was wholly lost sight of when he strapped it to his own shoulders and treated his neighbours' children to a ride in the public street.

Hard by Mr. Bugg's residence was a school. It was a prosperous institution, and was highly spoken of. Some one praised it in Bugg's presence, and he, cross thinker as he was, made out that it was as good as no school at all. He straightway set to work and found flaws innumerable in its working. Worse than all, he began to pester the hapless schoolmaster with suggestions, not the least of which is here indicated:—

"I tell you what, Mr. Ferrule,"—Bugg is the speaker and Ferrule is the schoolmaster—"you have a deal too much theory and too little practice in your school-teaching. You teach science, you say, but what is the use of such science as you give your pupils? A boy goes from your school into life, and if ever, when he grows up, his carriage breaks down, he must wait for the nearest tradesman before he can go on with his journey, though the nearest tradesman should be fifty miles distant. If shipwrecked and cast upon a desert island, there he must remain; the science you teach him would never enable him to put two trees together to get away again. Now, my system would remedy all this. Boys before they left me should know something of all handicrafts. I would——"

"Good morning, Mr. Bugg," and Mr. Ferrule walked off.

Now, I could tell a long tale about the beginning of Mr. Bugg's experiment in school-teaching—for he made one—but I won't trouble my readers with the story of the workings of a crotchety brain. What I wish to relate is, how the experiment ended—very nearly ending Mr. Bugg as well as the school.

I must leave the history of how Miss Tabitha Bugg, Mr. Bugg's maiden sister and housekeeper, had the lonely comfort, the cleanliness, and the general aspect of her domicile changed by the establishment of her brother's school therein.

I have not space to tell all the too-clever-by-half schemes adopted by Mr. Bugg in his management. He gathered about a dozen boys around him. They were an odd lot, and had, at some time or other, been more than ordinarily troublesome in various schools. They were, perhaps, entrusted to Mr. Bugg in the faith that he could not possibly do them harm, and might, perhaps, do them some good. All was grist, however, that came to Mr. Bugg's mill, and I am not quite sure that he did not take the greater pride in these boys on account of their unpromising character.

Mr. Bugg did not engage a school assistant. Such a course would have been, in his eyes, contemptibly orthodox and common-place. Ben Carline, whom he called to his aid, was a man after his own heart. Ben was a fisherman, who could make his own nets and boats, build a house, rear fruit and vegetables, construct toy ships or fancy articles, and, in short, "do anything," as he proudly expressed it. Ben Carline was entered on the school books as "swimming, boating, and fishing master." Ben was a character, and as great an oddity as Bugg. In person, he was a short, slight-built man. He was near seventy years old, yet active enough to run down a boy, and tough and wiry as most men of forty. His head was a study. It was of great size and massive looking. It was covered thickly with iron-grey hair, yet he had little or no beard. His mouth was wide, and his face covered with a skin so wrinkled and puckered that it looked like a housemaid's scouring-cloth only half shaken out. The contrast was wonderful between the light, agile frame and the Methuselean appearance of the face. Ben's face was a standing joke in the neighbourhood, and a tale was current illustrative of the vast capacity of his mouth. He used to assist his wife—the "old woman" he called her—to hang out to dry the clothes she took in to wash, and a mischievous wag declared that he once saw as many as two dozen clothes-pegs in Ben's mouth at one time—placed there for convenience while his hands were engaged.

Well, here we have an idea of the master, the usher, and the school. The latter was a nuisance to the neighbourhood for about six months, and came to a sudden end in this wise.

It was Mr. Bugg's fancy to teach his boys to help themselves as much as possible. Whenever they went boating they were made to row themselves. A few miles down the river, upon which the boys spent much of their time, was an extensive island of barren sand. The soil was covered with black, wiry looking grass, of no value at all for grazing purposes. The island was deserted, except that an occasional sportsman landed in winter when wild fowl was plentiful, or in summer a party would occasionally pic-nic upon it. Mr. Bugg promised the boys a long summer day's pic-nic there. They were to start at five o'clock in the morning and return at night. It need not be added that the boys fell in readily enough with the idea. The prospect of such a Robinson Crusoe like day set them wild with delight. The provisions for the voyage consisted of a hamper of eatables, a kettle, and a cask of water. They embarked in two boats, reached the island in a couple of hours, and on their arrival set to work, naturally and eagerly enough, to prepare breakfast.

Then began a chapter of accidents. They first discovered that the matches had been left behind. This is a common mistake in such parties, I believe, and is usually looked upon as a proper incident of the day's pleasure. Bugg regarded it as a fine opportunity for giving the youngsters a lesson in self-help. The boys in their turn were not hungry enough to feel much disappointment, especially while they were so keenly alive to the novelty of their position as during the first hour of their Crusoe life. With Ben the case was different. He had his thoughts upon a certain bottle of rum which he knew was stored away in the hamper for his own and his employer's use. He was aware, moreover, that Bugg took his refreshment hot, and that the bottle would not be broached till hot water could be procured.

He proposed an easy way out of the difficulty. "Four young gen'lemen," he said, "can easily paddle me down to Smith's and back, and there we can get matches enough to set the island on fire."

Smith's was two miles farther down the river, and four "young gen'lemen" soon volunteered for what they thought would be a delightful episode of a most charming day. They started with one of the boats, and were soon out of sight of the party on shore.

The boys left with Bugg, having exhausted the island, became hungry. They suggested the possibility of breakfasting without hot coffee—or breakfast first and hot coffee afterwards, on Ben's return. After some consultation, the order was given to unpack the hamper. The boys had chuckled at its weight and regarded it as a mine of wealth in the shape of savoury bites. I might draw a pen and ink picture of their anticipations of cold ham, or beef, or pie, or crisp rusk and fresh butter—but I refrain. No doubt they had those visions—who would not?—but they were destined to be cruelly disappointed.

The hamper contained nothing but Miss Bugg's store of fire-wood, very neatly piled; very good in its way, but wholly unfit for food, except, perhaps, for the rhinoceros, which, the naturalists tell us, eats wood as an ox does celery.

The boys murmured loudly. As for Bugg, I am sorry to have to say that he so far forgot himself as to use violent language. He soon recovered his balance of mind, however, and began to think of a way out of the scrape. A fair breeze was then blowing, and he determined to embark once more and sail home for the hamper. The boys proposed to join him, thinking they might breakfast earlier if they went to the food; and so in a very short time the party was again afloat.

Now this was a tidal river, and the tide had begun to fall. The breeze which had been blowing and curling the waters into tiny wavelets during their stay on the island was the last faint puff of air brought from the sea with the tide. Mr. Bugg knew a good many things, but he was no navigator, and he had no experience of the tricks an open skiff will play in a light summer breeze and a strong tide.

The boat had been drawn up on the island. The oars had been taken out to place under the keel to assist in the operation, and were now lying here and there upon the shore. When the party re-embarked they trusted to the sails, and hardly gave a thought to the oars, which seemed to landsmen never likely to be of use with so fine a breeze. Sail was set, the boat bore nobly up against the stream; the island was falling away well astern of them; and breakfast within a reasonable time seemed yet to be possible.

The water dashed merrily against the boat's bows, and the boys almost congratulated themselves on such an accident having occurred to add to the adventures of the day, when suddenly the sound of splashing water seemed to slacken. The sails began to flap against the mast, and the wind appeared for a moment to blow from all or from any point of the compass. It had blown itself out, in fact, for that tide, and the boat was rapidly carried by the stream back to the island.

And yet not to the island, or I should not have had to tell this story. The tide swept them to within a few yards of the shore, and then an eddy carried the craft out into mid-stream. The party on board saw their oars lying on the shore, and threw out the anchor in the hope of bringing up the boat. But the holding ground was bad, the cable short, and the river deep. The anchor no more served to retard them than a needleful of cotton would check a locomotive engine.

The tide carried the boat away straight into the middle of the river, and then as directly downwards. The party was not noticed either from the shore or from any of the few vessels in the river; and in a very short time Humphrey Bugg and his ten hungry boys were out at sea.

I need not stop to say that they were alarmed. It is hardly necessary, either, to add that the boys became still more hungry, or that their thirst began to rage and that they were generally mutinous and discontented. I have, however, to add that they were discovered after some hours by the master of a fishing vessel, who took them on board, treated them handsomely, and promised to set them ashore at London, whither he was bound, if only a breeze would spring up and enable him to make his port.

Mr. Bugg, alarmed at the prospect of spending many hours from home under these circumstances, begged to be taken back at once, and he offered the shipmaster a handsome bribe to attempt the voyage. But the worthy old salt had his owners' interests at heart, and declared in language of characteristic emphasis that he would not go a cable's length out of his way.

He kept his word. The breeze which enabled him to finish his voyage was so long in coming that the next day was pretty well advanced before Mr. Bugg and his boys landed at Billingsgate.

The electric telegraph had not then been heard of. No notice could therefore be given of the safety of the party, and it was not till late at night that Mr. Bugg and his boys reached home by coach.

When Ben Carline left the island, his intention was good enough to go to Smith's for the matches. On rounding a point just below the island, however, he came upon a small coasting vessel, which lay at anchor in a bight of the river. A grizzled face appeared above the bulwarks, and hailed:

"Hullo, Ben, how do you manage to shave that wrinkled old mug of yours?"

"Blow it out with beer, to be sure," said Ben, as if the question and answer had been rehearsed any number of times.

"Good strong beer to blow that out; but come on board, and I'll gi' ye summat better nor beer, Old man."

Ben had a weakness for "summat better nor beer." He boarded the vessel. The man in charge was an old shipmate. He gave the boys biscuits and water and the run of the ship. They were delighted, and failed to mark the flight of time. He gave Ben the mysterious compound he had hinted at, and Ben, in his turn, got so far as to care little or nothing for the duties of the hour. In short, the little party stayed much longer than they ought, and only left to row back to the island when the rum bottle had been exhausted by their united draughts upon it.

When they returned to the island I fear Ben's wits were not so clear as they should have been; for he lay down to sleep while the boys cooked biscuits in the kettle and kept a look out up the river for the boat which they somehow agreed to believe had left the island to fetch the provisions.

When Ben awoke and looked around him he began to feel alarmed. The absence of the boat from the island for many hours without the oars, combined with the state of the wind and tide, told him pretty clearly that the other party must be adrift somewhere in the lower reaches of the river, though he did not suspect—or said he did not—that the case was really serious.

Ben could never give a good account of himself. His long absence from the island was not satisfactorily explained to the neighbours and to the parents of the children; his not seeing his master's boat drift by, and his not starting in search of the lost ones with the remaining boat, were facts which were scored against him. His return late in the evening with a confused account of the day's proceedings, and the entire absence of any news concerning Bugg and the remainder of the boys, caused great alarm.

The house was soon beset by anxious inquirers. Miss Bugg was driven wild by the frantic demeanour of the distracted parents, who rushed to the school for explanations and threw it into confusion by a sudden removal of the clothing and other effects of their boys, who, they fairly believed, were lost for ever.

It was the break up of the school, and by no means a quiet break up either. As the night passed away into another day, as exploring parties returned without news, as each anxious and incensed parent arrived to cross-examine Ben, the tales became wilder and wilder. It was of course reported, with much circumstance, that the party had been drowned, that their bodies had been picked up—shockingly mutilated by the fish which had fed on them.

That Ben had taken occasion to murder his master began very generally to be the prevailing belief when the missing party at last returned.

Mr. Bugg was, after this, an altered man. His schooling was over; his wings were clipped. He could never pretend to set any one right, for he was immediately met by sly allusions to the "wind" or the "tide." He endeavoured to bear up against the ridicule, but failed; and soon after the "shipwreck," as it was locally known, he left the neighbourhood.

I ought to add that it was currently believed that the affair had been partially planned by Miss Bugg, though she could not of course have foreseen all the results. She hated the school project bitterly—as what woman who loved neatness and domestic quiet would not? The abstraction of the matches from Mr. Bugg's pocket, and the substitution of the hamper of wood for the provisions, were regarded as part of her scheme and the climax of the series of annoyances to which she had been wont to subject the school.

How gratified she must have been at her success!

The number of visitors admitted to the Exhibition on Saturday was as follows:—Season tickets, 953; on payment of 1s., 9,143. Total, 10,096.

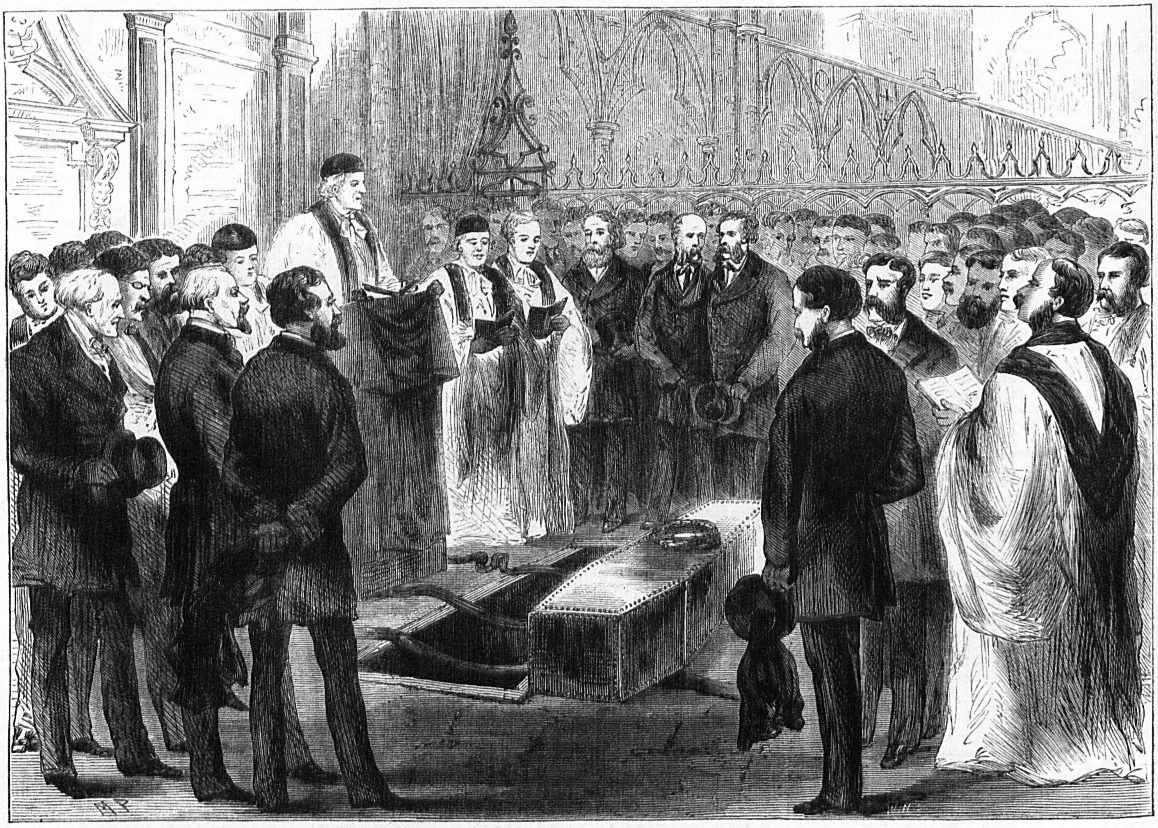
Patent Teeth on Soft Gums.—Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

Beautiful Hair.—The Plain Truth.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. Allen's Preparations, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. Allen's World's Hair Restorer will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

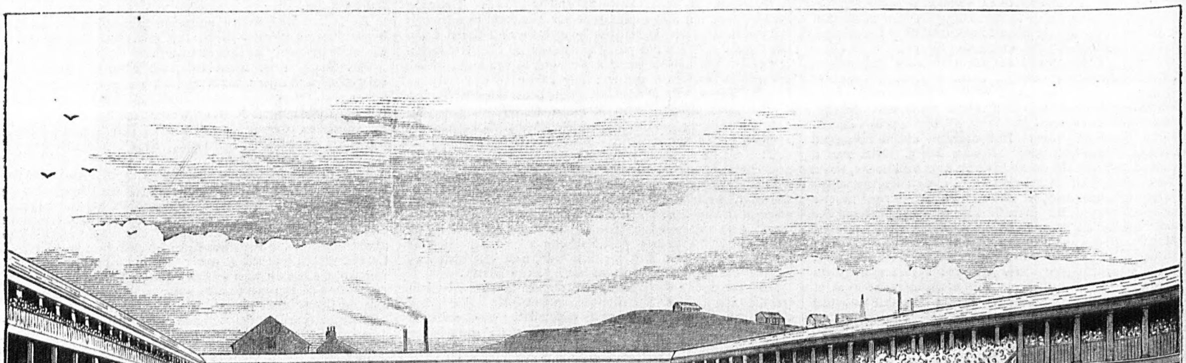
Floriline!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the Fragrant Floriline on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. Gallup, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London. [156

To Clean a Silk Dress.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 220. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

Faceache, Toothache, Tic Doloreux.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107



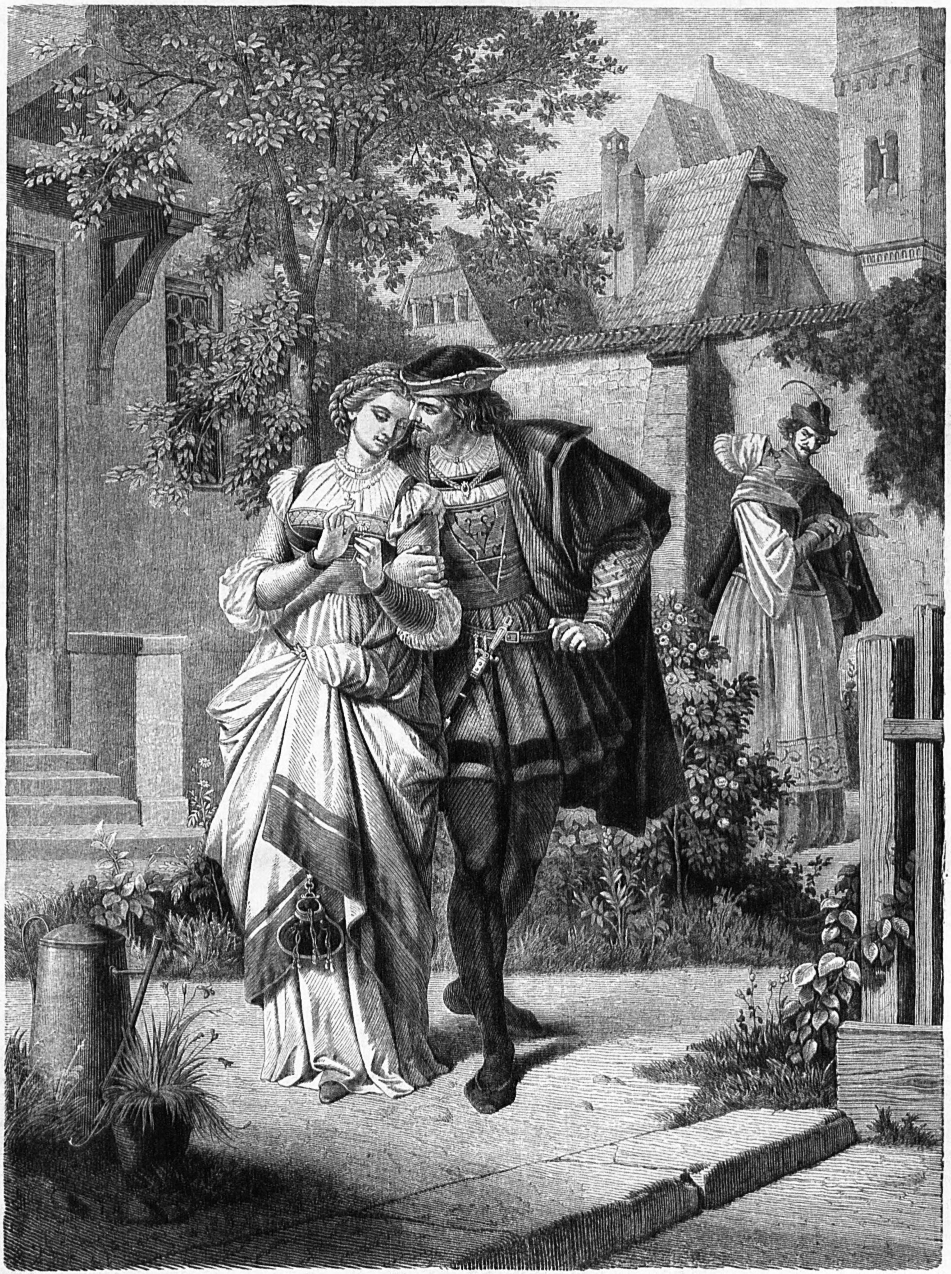
THE FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.



JUBILEE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN AT HALIFAX.

THE GARDEN SCENE IN "FAUST AND MARGUERITE."

OUR picture is full of pleasant memories. It recalls our first reading of Goethe; but more than that it brings back the night we saw Mdlle. Nilsson as *Marguerite*. We remember our hatred for the subtle *Mephistophiles*, and we rehearse the old story over again. It has been a wonderful theme for poet, painter, composer, and dramatic and operatic artistes, and does not become stale by repetition. Our illustration of the garden scene is perfect and true to the story. In the background is the wily *Mephistophiles*, happy (if a devil can be imagined happy) in the success of his scheme. He is flattering the old woman, and still keeping his eye on his bewildered dupe *Faust*, who, dazed with passion, is stealing away the heart of the gentle *Marguerite*, and she in her turn drinks in the honeyed words of her lover, knowing nothing of the web that has entangled her, but full of the hope of a life of love and happiness. The opera of "Faust e Margherita" is being continually performed, and our readers who have only a book-acquaintance with the story should take the first opportunity of witnessing Gounod's operatic treatment of its leading dramatic incidents.



FAUST AND MARGUERITE: THE GARDEN SCENE.

BURNING OF THE TUILERIES.

WE give on page 217 an illustration of the burning of the Tuileries. The correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Paris, says:—

If the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, the National Gallery, and the British Museum were to be set on fire simultaneously, our feeling of dismay and sorrow would hardly be greater than that caused by the intelligence that the Federals have burned down the Louvre and the Tuileries. To what extent the damage wrought is irreparable cannot be estimated at present. But the fact that petroleum has been employed to feed and sustain the conflagration is a reason for dreading the worst. Blackened and bare walls may alone remain to show where stood one of the most imposing and valuable of French historic monuments, as well as the building beneath the roof of which were collected treasures of modern and antique art, such as could not be matched or seen elsewhere; works of painting and sculpture, of which the worth was priceless, and the restoration is impossible.

The Tuileries, like the Louvre, has an old history. Erected as a Royal residence for Mary of Médicis, it has never been the favourite dwelling-place of the older French kings. Louis XIV. very seldom inhabited it. The Regent Duke of Orleans lived here during the minority of Louis XV. Here it was the ill-fated Louis XVI. was tried and sentenced. The attack of the mob on the Tuileries and the massacre of the Swiss Guards form one of the bloodiest episodes in the first Revolution. Napoleon the First made the Tuileries his Imperial residence. In obedience to his orders the northern gallery which connected this building with the Louvre was begun. After the Restoration this place continued to be the chief abode of royalty. The capture of the Tuileries in 1830 was the consummation of the Revolution which seated Louis Philippe on the throne. From this place he fled in 1848, when the people rose in rebellion. One of the decrees of the Provisional Government was that the Tuileries should be converted into an asylum for invalid workmen. It was used as a hospital during the June insurrection; it was again converted to the same purpose when the Germans besieged Paris. While Napoleon the Third governed Paris, his Parisian dwelling-place was in this palace; and here it was that, surrounded by his brilliant household, he received the distinguished visitors who visited Paris in 1867. The balls given at the Tuileries were the most splendid gatherings of rank and fashion which modern Europe has witnessed. The speeches the Emperor made here, either at the receptions of foreign Ministers, or before the senators and deputies, were listened to as if the fate of Europe was at stake, and sometimes a single phrase uttered on these occasions gave the signal for war. From the Tuileries it was that the Empress Eugénie escaped in disguise after the Republic was proclaimed last September. For the sake of the memories which cling to it, the fate of the Tuileries is less to be regretted than that of the Louvre.

COUNT MOLTKE ON THE GERMAN SUCCESS.—Count Moltke, in a letter to the poet Oscar von Redwitz, who addressed to him his "Song of the New German Empire," says:—"To the poet it is permitted to be prodigal. He sows with full hands diamonds and pearls, the stars of heaven and the flowers of the earth, and in the same spirit he bestows his praises. In this sense only can I receive your song comparing me to the great men of the past. These have been great also in adversity, and especially in adversity. We have had nothing but successes. Let it be called chance, destiny, fortune, or the ways of Providence—men alone have not done it. Conquests so great are essentially the result of a state of things which we can neither create nor dominate. The excellent but unfortunate Pope Adrian had the following words engraved on his tomb:—'How different is the action of even the best of men according to the times in which he lives! More than once the most capable has failed owing to the invincible force of circumstances, while a less capable has been carried by it to success.' If I see myself constrained, not by a false and vain modesty, to consider as not deserved part of the praises bestowed on me, I am not the less indebted for them; for verses like yours may last longer than many a bronze or marble monument."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.

BERTRAM and ROBERTS,

Refreshment Department. [391

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CICELY BROWN'S TRIALS: How she got into them; How she got out of them; and What they did for her. By Mrs. PROSSER, Author of "Original Fables," "The Awdries and their Friends," &c. Engraving. Foolscap 8vo. 1s. 6d. boards; 2s. extra boards, gilt edges.

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A LITERARY MACHINE.—The Patent Reading Easel for holding the book, writing desk, lamp, and meals in any position over a bed, sofa, or easy chair, as used by PRINCESS LOUISE. Invaluable to invalids, students, and aged persons. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful and elegant gift. Prices 20s. and 50s. Drawings free. J. CARTER, 55, Mortimer Street, W. [414

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London: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, Paternoster Row. [412

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE PAISLEY GAZETTE says:—Laden with the memory of 140 years good old Sylvanus Urban begins his new volume with a new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." And what is the Valley of Poppies? It is the parish of Summerdale-in-the-Water—"the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life"—of which the perpetual curate was George Himbleton, who is the autobiographical hero of "The Vale of Poppies." We shall have something more to say of this novel, which promises well when the story gets farther on.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CORK EXAMINER of May 31st says:—The GENTLEMAN'S in this month rings out the old and rings in the new. . . . The new story is "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." Of this writer, the speciality is the reproduction of quiet contemplative scenes. He likes to blend all incidents with the locality in which they occur, reminding us of some of those old paintings respecting which it is hard to say whether they are to be called pictures of men and women with elaborate background or landscapes with figures. His style is graceful, suggesting reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne or of Charles Lamb. Indeed, the affection of the latter for quaint turns of phrase taken from the elder dramatists seems to point him out as the more favourite study.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE KENT HERALD of June 1st says:—The first chapters of the new tale by the author of "Christopher Kenrick" are given this month with such a lovely little vignette of the church of "Summerdale-in-the-Water." The genial, happy-minded author gives us a foretaste of a great treat in this story, and we believe it will become as great a favourite with the readers of the GENTLEMAN'S as "Christopher" himself was.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE ABERDEEN HERALD of June 3rd says:—The GENTLEMAN'S for June opens with a new story by the author of "Christopher Kenrick," bearing the somewhat strange title of "The Valley of Poppies." The narrative is given out to be the autobiography of a curate, written at the request of some of his friends. The style of the writer is subdued and natural, and his descriptive abilities are of a high order. The opening chapters are very successful, and we shall watch with interest the incidents in the curate's life.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CIRENCESTER TIMES of June 5th says:—The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE this month opens with the first six chapters of a new story—"The Valley of Poppies"—the writer of which has received very high encomiums for his previous works.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE GLOBE of June 1 says:—We are glad to place in the foremost rank of the periodicals for June the far-famed GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Very few can compare with it, either in the quality of their articles or in their varied and interesting character. A new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," opens this month, and so far it promises well.

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WOOD ENGRAVING.—Mr. GILKS begs respectfully to announce his REMOVAL from Bedford Row to 11, KING'S ROAD, BEDFORD ROW, Gray's Inn, W.C., London. [330

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PEARLINA.
PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.

Take one teacupful of Pearlina, steep it in one cupful of milk for an hour, then add half-a-cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter lb. of suet, two ounces of orange peel, quarter lb. raisins, quarter lb. currants; add two eggs, well beaten up, then a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and the same of ginger; tie in a bowl or cloth, and boil for three hours.

THIS MAKES IT AS RICH AND LIGHT AS SIX EGGS AND SIX HOURS' BOILING WOULD DO WITHOUT PEARLINA. [369

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The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JUNE 10, 1871.

THE Tichborne case is still occupying the Court of Common Pleas and the daily newspapers. The cross-examination of the claimant has not at present brought about that extraordinary *dénouement* which was predicted by the other side. It had been broadly asserted that the claimant would not be able to stand two hours' cross-examination, but up to the time of our going to press he had gone through some days of the most rigid inquiry of opposing counsel. The statements elicited on Monday were of the most remarkable and sensational character, involving to some extent the reputation of a lady relative. There are all sorts of rumours afloat as to the course of the defence. It is said that the real mother and sister of the claimant will be produced in court, but a great deal more has been said in this direction than would seem to be warranted by the evidence, so far as it has gone. It is an established rule with the English press not to discuss cases before the courts until both sides have been heard. This custom has been pretty faithfully observed with regard to the Tichborne romance. There are, we understand, in the market Tichborne bonds, a speculation founded altogether upon the prospects of the claimant. They were issued, we hear, at £100, and have been readily purchased at £65, though they are now done at £30. There never was a case which excited so much speculation and interest in the City. Large sums of money are staked upon the result. The betting has been for some days in favour of the claimant. The case is certainly one of the most romantic on record. Fiction halts behind it.

IT is gratifying to learn that Paris continues tranquil. The people are resuming their usual occupations, and if it were possible to wipe out the past, we might soon look for a return of something like prosperity. But, unfortunately, there is exhibited on all hands a desire for continual investigations into the acts of public and private individuals. Everybody seems ready to condemn everybody else. Even members of the Government spend a large proportion of their time in recriminations. Arrests are made every day, and executions are continually taking place. It is true that neither man nor woman is now condemned to death unless by a legally organised tribunal. But the facilities for making charges and bringing suspected persons to justice are far too great. Time only, we fear, can check these horrible incidents of the present peace of Paris. The National Assembly is engaged in discussing the question of ratifying the elections of the Orleans Princes. There is a growing and almost confirmed opinion in the public mind that the Republic will be succeeded by a Monarchy. A correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from Paris, says it would perhaps be more convenient for the Republic to continue nominally in existence for some time longer, but the army and the people loathe the very name, and that form of government being henceforth indissolubly connected with all the abominations and atrocities of the last few weeks, even its respectable partisans dare hardly speak a word for it. M. GUIZOT is of opinion that it is the duty of the Assembly to decide what definite form of government France is to live under, and he has written a letter to this effect to the President. But at the same time he points out that there are 135 vacant seats that must be filled up first, and two seats whose nominees have never had their returns validated, said nominees being the Duc D'AUMALE and the Prince DE JOINVILLE. He warmly advocates the validation of their return. We seem to hear very little in these discussions of Marshal M'MAHON. It would, indeed, as the *Standard* correspondent points out, be very interesting to know what the Marshal's opinions are on the dynastic questions of the day. Marshal M'MAHON owes everything to the late Emperor, and if the army which he commands is as devoted to the Marshal, as there is reason to believe, the ex-Emperor has quite as good a chance of reoccupying his former position as the Orleans Princes have of accomplishing their object.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

I.—A WORD ON ALBERT DURER.

IF the artist confine himself to transcribing without interpreting the dull reality which is daily under his eyes; if he give himself up to the part of decorator or of amuser; if he turn archæologist or continue in the paths of a school disguised and ennobled under the name of tradition; if he belong to one of the extremely varied and numerous classes in art whose common character is narrowness of mind attended with dexterity of hand, his works will perhaps interest amateurs by some characteristic feature; but they will surely leave no impression upon the mind, and will awaken no sympathetic echo in the soul. Hence the painter, on the contrary, is something more than a painter (decorator), for however little of a poet he may be, his work attracts and infallibly engages us. It is because that work contains and should reveal to us a matter of which our understanding is rightly curious, it is because in fitly examining it we should learn what was the conception of the artist, and its solution in the face of that eternal and eternally strange problem, life.

I could wish—and what a delightful occupation!—I could wish to turn over with you, dear readers, to take up one by one, to consider, to analyse with the greatest detail the innumerable productions of the great artist. But it would require a book, and I must keep within the bounds of too short a chapter to sum up impressions and point them out in a few hasty notices.

There is not one who, having observed, if only once, an engraving by the master, has not always remembered it. How is it possible, indeed, to forget that every composition issued from his hand has suddenly snatched us from the actual world, and transported us to the ideal as though by magic? From the immense number of his compositions, one thought, one preoccupation, which under a thousand diverse forms is affirmed and accented, disengages itself. This preoccupation appears to us habitually grave, as in that head from the Albertina Museum at Vienna, sometimes uneasy, sometimes ironical, seldom serene, smiling more seldom still, often terrible, and always turned towards the same object, the struggle of death against life, of idle fancy against reality. Like the inauspicious bat which hovers in the sky above the grand and sublime figure of Melancolia, above his whole work there hovers the besetting of the supernatural. Let us stop an instant at this sombre figure of which we have just evoked the image.

You remember her, this woman, this Melancolia, a genius with wings sorrowfully folded, with long scattered hair crowned with wild herbs. Surrounded by all the instruments of science, industry, and arts, mingled with instruments of torture, she is seated on the threshold of the temple, leaning an elbow on one knee, her head on her hand. Weary, she has closed the book vainly consulted; she still holds in one hand, inert and without knowing it, the compasses, its bows henceforth useless. Her sorrowful and hard glance is cast sightless on the sea, on the infinite. The thought that is brooding under that forehead of brass the master has taken the pains to write: it is Melancholy—rather, it is Doubt.

Who could not see that this page of Albert Dürer would be exposed to be misunderstood by the expression of his work? It has deceived more than one penetrative mind. One might believe, on the faith of this image, that Albert Dürer was one of the forerunners of the modern idea. For myself, on the contrary, the more I study this mysterious work, the more I am confirmed in that opinion that the great German artist finally closes the Middle Age. Like Moses he had a glimpse of the promised land, the land of light and heat; he entered it not, he had glimmers, presentiments of Renaissance, but he was afraid—he doubted.

Undoubtedly he admired Luther. There remains an eloquent witness of the feelings with which the great Reformer inspired him. The long prayer, full of anger and transports, which he addressed to God, on learning, in 1521, the false news of the imprisonment and death of Luther, leave no uncertainty in this respect. But it is important to add that Albert Dürer at this epoch, like many of the contemporaries of the Monk of Wittemberg, attached to the word "Reform" only the strict meaning of the word, and not the idea of religious revolution which it has taken in history. In adhering to the opinions of Luther, Albert Dürer did not think to raise altar against altar, to set up Lutheranism, Protestantism, against Catholicism; he wanted, he wished for, a reform and nothing more—a reform in no way contrary to orthodoxy. Who suspected then that Protestantism would become a religion?

Strange! this artist, this poet, friend of the great minds that brought Renaissance into Germany at that dawn of the sixteenth century, leaves nothing in his creations pierced with the fervour nor the serenity of his auroras. If he has expressed by chance and under the veil of allegory the conquest of Rome by the doctrines of Luther (see the Grand and Petit Cheval), he hastened to return to the current of ideas with which he was familiar from infancy. Unhappy moments, the hours of transition, for those who are no longer very young! This was the case with Albert Dürer. He saw the edifice he was accustomed to venerate fail, totter, fall down; the walls of the new edifice were very slow in showing themselves in rising from the ground. Thus what happened? Placed by the date of his birth at the dawn of the sixteenth century, he was able from time to time to cast the glance of a friend and accomplice on those who rushed on in advance, but his glances obstinately returned backwards, and fixed in the direction of the past went back to bygone ages. How can one be astonished at the incurable sorrow of that soul, subject to such oscillations? He had a refuge nevertheless—Fancy.

See this traveller in one of his woodcuts—it is himself, a man already mature, his loins burdened and girded for the journey. He set out to conquer glory. Here is the precious branch, the laurel which he has nearly attained. At the moment of gathering it, fatigued, doubting the legitimacy of his efforts, he has thrown down his stick and seated himself on the soil. Farther than one can see his looks have glided over the unbounded sea. His glances have met the sky, and in the sky, between two clouds, behold the smiling and treacherous image of the siren of the habitual fancy of that coarse but picturesque mysticism of which the genius of Albert Dürer is the interpreter.

ERNEST CHESNEAU.

AT ASCOT.

OUR artist's sketch is taken at one of the most interesting periods of the day; not when the great race is being run, not the moment when the Cup is being won and lost. For the fashionable throng at Ascot this is not the most attractive time. The Royal procession is the great event of Ascot in the eyes of the groups which our artist has placed so admirably in the foreground of his work. The picture tells its own story. The Royal procession is just passing the Grand Stand. The only persons who are not excited about the incident are the Arabs of the course and the two ladies under their parasols. The interest of the haughty dame, with the pearls in her ears, is divided between her own thoughts and the competition for her favour that has arisen between a wandering Christy and a gipsy, both characteristic types of the froth that seems to be tossed to and fro on the bosom of Derby and Ascot crowds. The flower girl in the left hand corner is well known also. Her pleasant face and white teeth have brought her far more customers for her nosegays than the low price at which she pretends to offer them. You get no change out of her, except a running fire of wit and pleasantry.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Wladimir, left town on Monday afternoon for Titness Park, where they remained during the week. The special train which conveyed the party started from Waterloo station at 4.55, and at 6.5 p.m. reached Sunningdale, where a considerable crowd had collected. Thence their Royal Highnesses and the Grand Duke drove to Titness Park, the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke leading the way, and the Prince, attended by several gentlemen, following. In the evening there was a dinner party, and during the week the Prince and Princess have entertained many guests. We are glad to notice that the popularity of the Prince is increasing. It was rumoured that His Royal Highness would not be present this year at Ascot. His Royal Highness, however, enjoys the week's amusement as much as any of the Queen's subjects, and he well knows that Ascot would be nothing without the Royal procession. To know and feel this is quite sufficient with the Prince of Wales. No Prince could show a greater desire to maintain the interest and attraction of all our national gatherings. The chief Royal novelty of the week, however, is the reappearance, in London and at Ascot, of the Duke of Edinburgh—the latest of Britain's famous circumnavigators. Though the rain fell fast and furious when the Royal carriage appeared upon the course on Tuesday, it did not damp the enthusiasm of the welcome given to the Queen's second son on his return from the Antipodes.

JUNE MAGAZINES.

THE *Gentleman's* opens with a new serial work by Joseph Hatton, entitled "The Valley of Poppies." The style and system of the writing reminds us of "Christopher Kenrick," the author's last and perhaps best novel, which also appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. "The Valley of Poppies" is an autobiography—incidents in a life of aspiration and struggle. We are introduced to our hero, not in the thick of the fight for life, but after the battle is over. He begins his story gently and soberly: "I am the Perpetual Curate of Summerdale-in-the-Water." Even the first sentence, to our mind, suggests the tenour of the whole work. Summerdale is a quaint, quiet, aristocratic, ecclesiastical, old-world English village, a dreamy, drowsy, out-of-the-way place, a sleepy dale on the borderland of life, a haunt of Somnus, another Aubern, a what you will—a "Valley of Poppies." It is a nappy valley of a modern Rasselas, and to have a full sympathy with the theme the reader should be in such a place either in mind or body. To the lovers of sensation novels, the burden of the Perpetual Curate will be a dozy sermon, and, indeed, the Curate does preach now and then. He lectures, he moralises, he is philosophical, he is cheerful, he he is sad, he is pathetic. Above all, he is a dreamer; but there is method in his dreaming, and although he loses himself and the reader too sometimes, he is all the while unfolding a strange, eventful history, and bringing from the storehouse of his memory characters that have a form indeed, and a substance—not fictions, but men and women he has encountered. We must not judge the whole by the first few chapters, however. At present we have scarcely got more than the prologue. Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, in his "Comic Writers of England," deals with Beaumont and Fletcher, whom he styles the "Siamese Twins in literature." It is an able contribution, full of careful and honest criticism. "The Clairvoyant," from the German of Zschokke, is concluded. The most interesting instalment of Mr. R. H. Horne's "Bygone Celebrities" appears this month. It treats of the Kemble family, Edmund Kean, Grimaldi, Charles Kean, Braham, Paganini, and Madame Pasta. The author gloats too fondly on past days—on the days when he was in the prime of life and could enjoy life. But now he has grown older, and he will not allow anything good to exist either in men or manners. He looks upon modern players with a sneer. This is weak and unjust, for there is no doubt whatever that the British stage has never had a greater number of good actors. True, they do not play the old plays, because the public will not hear them. All the great actors and actresses of the past did not live at one time—they are the production of centuries; and because the year 1871 cannot at one time show as many great ones as all the past put together, Mr. Horne must needs grumble. We can safely say there never was living at the same period a more varied and accomplished roll of players—for by this name we prefer to call them. But Mr. Horne does not stand alone in this style of criticism. It has become the practice with regard to play-writing also to take Shakespeare, Sheridan, and the whole host of the famous dramatists of a thousand years, and say "Where can you produce such a list in the present *day?*" They look for as much in a day (and a degenerate day, too, as they are pleased to call it), as they have got from the efforts of all who have lived in the past. We think it is the same with dramatists as with players. We have a noble roll of dramatists, and, take one period with another, the present is as great as any other, perhaps with the exception of the Elizabethan. The writer, when young, went to see John Kemble in "Cato," and he says:—"My reverend grandsire and his friends shed trickling tears, and I wept profusely; and nobody was ashamed. In fact, everybody about us was in much the same condition. (Look round a house in these days; who ever sheds a tear? Hearts and souls are there, but the 'touch of nature' is wanting.)" We can almost shed a tear for Mr. Horne; he is losing his faculty of observation; his perception has gone with his youth; he belongs to an old school, and will not be reconciled to modern days. If he could return to youth as Faust did, he would be as sweet on the present as he is on the past. "Look round a house in these days; who ever sheds a tear?" he asks. Well, we know of such innumerable cases that we do not know where to begin. However, we will not go far back for an instance. The writer of this notice was at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, last week, and shed a tear himself. The pit was crowded, and many right hands held handkerchiefs and many handkerchiefs held tears. Even the "gods" in the gallery wiped their eyes on their sleeves. It was Wednesday night of last week, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, as we have already said; the play was "East Lynne," and the audience was made to weep by the powerful acting of Miss Cleveland. Here is one out of a thousand instances. We hope Mr. Horne in his future contributions will confine himself to kind, fair, manly, honest writing. If he does, it will be a change we shall appreciate. "Approximate Results of the Census" is a useful article, and we agree with the writer in his opinion that the census should be taken every five years. At the close of the number there is an editorial note explaining why the "Diary of the Prussian Occupation of Versailles" has not been continued. The author's sister has died, and his misfortunes have, for the present, interrupted his work.

The illustrations in *Belgravia* are good, and notably that by F. W. Lawson. The "Lovels of Arden" is pleasantly continued, and proves Miss Braddon's capability of doing good work apart from the highly sensational novel. G. A. Sala gives us a clever sketchy contribution under the title of "Mrs. Mellor's Diamonds." "The Season," by John Harwood, is a most able article. The number also contains a long sewing machine advertisement, printed on the same paper and in the same type as the other pages.

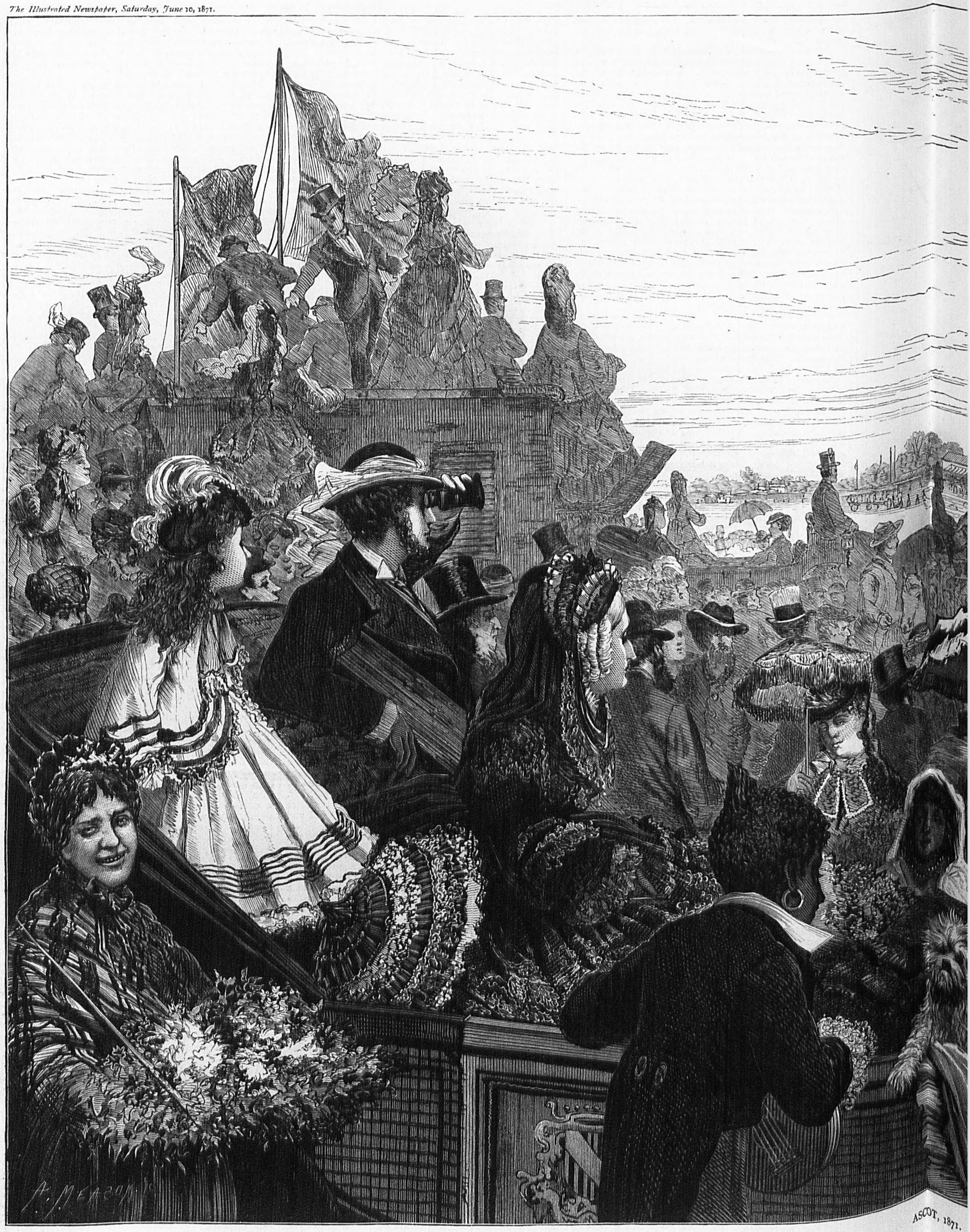
Macmillan's is an attractive number. Professor Huxley writes an article on "Bishop Berkeley on the Metaphysics of Sensation," prompted by a new edition of Berkeley's works (with many writings hitherto unpublished), from the Clarendon Press. The "Letters by Mendelssohn" are very interesting. The originals have only recently been published in Germany for the benefit of a charitable institution. The writer says:—"How it came to pass that they were not included in the two volumes published by the family it is difficult to understand, unless their slightness formed the reason of their rejection. The letters, though slight, are by no means without value. They are full of the grace and charm, and the love of life, which pervade everything he wrote, and of the humour which is hardly less his characteristic." There is a simple little ballad "The Mango Tree," by Mr. C. Kingsley, containing some queer lines and some doubtful lines.

> "He told me his boy's love soft and oft,
> Until I told him mine again."

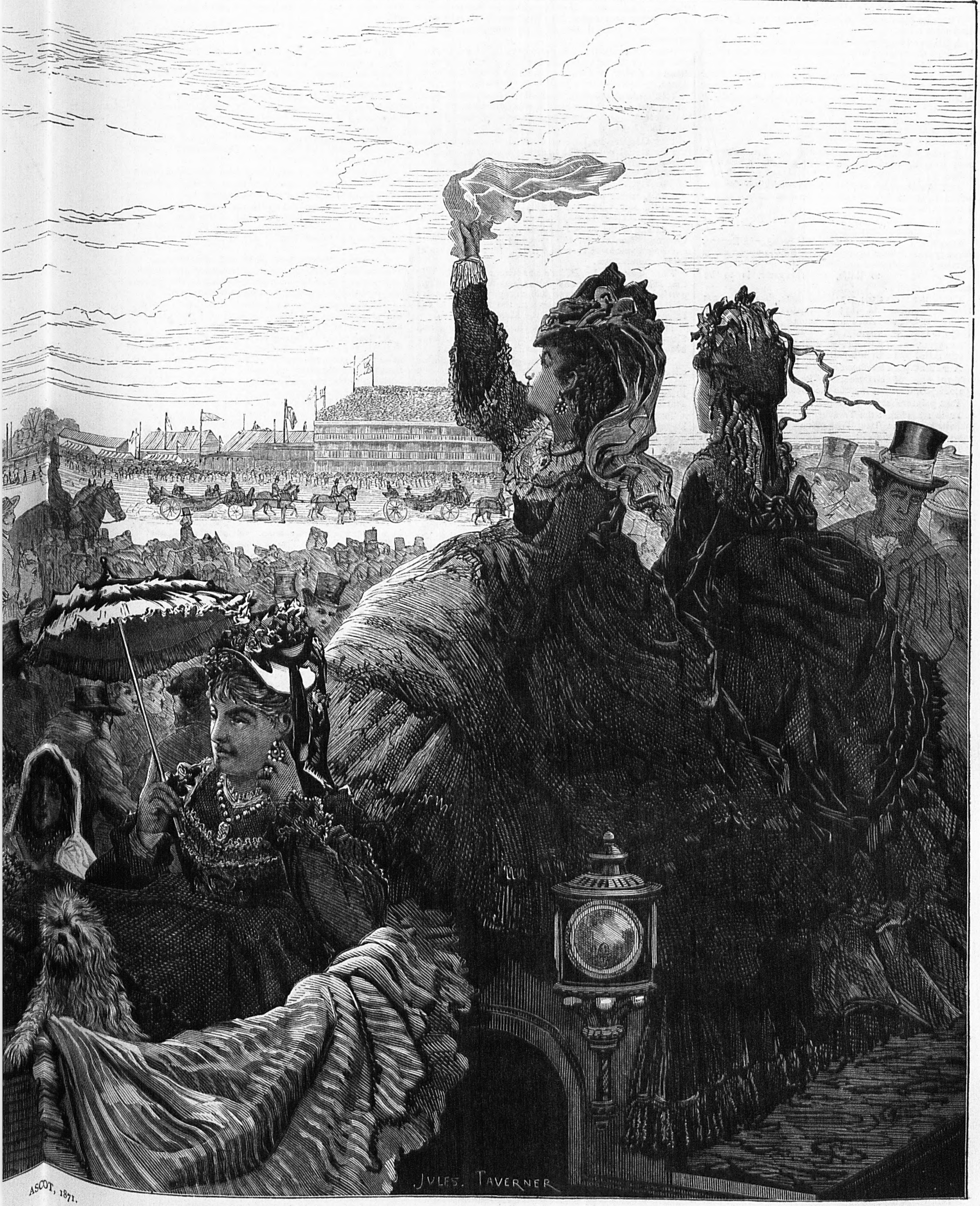
Query, did she tell him her *boy's love*, and had she told it him before?

There is a charming and marvellous Scandinavian legend in *Fraser's* under the title "Volundur," which is worthy of being separately printed and bound.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.—The funeral of Sir John Herschel, the subject of our illustration on page 208, took place at Westminster Abbey on Friday se'nnight. The coffin was brought from his country house by railway. There was a full choral service. The clergy officiating were Dean Stanley, Canon Nepean, Canon Jennings, and Canon Prothero, while all the minor canons attended. The grave is at the eastern end of the north aisle, near the tomb of Sir Isaac Newton, under the painted window recently erected for Robert Stephenson, and at the foot of the monument of Lord Livingston. The pall-bearers were the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; M. le Duc de Broglie, Member of the Institute of France; Mr. G. B. Airey, the Astronomer-Royal; General Sir E. Sabine, President of the Royal Society; Sir C. Lyell; Mr. W. Lassell, President of the Royal Astronomical Society; Sir H. Holland, President of the Royal Institution; and Sir J. Lubbock. The list of mourners included Mr. A. S. Herschel, chief mourner; General the Hon. A. Gordon, Mr. Reginald Marshal, Mr. J. Stewart, Messrs. E. and H. Hardcastle, Mr. W. Spottiswoode; Dr. Parry, Bishop-Suffragan of Dover; Mr. H. C. Morland, Mr. J. P. Gassiot, Colonel Strange, Mr. G. R. Waterhouse; the Rev. C. Pritchard, Savilian Professor of Astronomy; Mr. J. H. Nelson; Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.; Professor Tyndall, Professor Owen, Professor Adams, the Rev. J. Jeffreys, and Sir Charles Wheatstone. A funeral sermon was preached by Dean Stanley, in the Abbey, on Sunday. The Dean in the course of his sermon said it would be most instructive to trace the progress of the inquiry which had been going on for so many ages into the science of astronomy, but on the present occasion he would confine himself to such thoughts as were naturally suggested by the passing away from amongst them of a man who was one of the foremost interpreters of nature. Such a light set in the firmament of earth to mete out the lights in the firmament of heaven was he whose mortal remains were on Friday last, with so many tokens of mourning, laid by the side of his yet mightier master. Born under the shadow of his illustrious father's telescope, and inheriting from him his instruments and his genius, the stars from his earliest years were his constant companions. He took up the task set forth in the Book of Job, and applied himself to the superhuman work—the exploration for the first time of the wonders without number, not only of the familiar region of the north, but the secret chamber of the south—that southern hemisphere whose celestial surface has been described as equal to a fourth part of the heavens. The constellations which neither Moses, nor David, nor Newton, nor Galileo had ever seen were analysed and explained by the labours of a single man. "He telleth us the number of the stars, and calleth all by their names." It was his peculiar privilege to combine such width of view and powers of expression as to make him a poet of science beyond his own immediate sphere. There was not one present who might not be stimulated to self-improvement by the study of the life and labour of Herschel, whose ambition led him to complete what his famous father began. In early years, seeing the great advance which Germany had made in special departments of science, he, with two or three of his companions, had vowed they would leave the world better than they found it; and what was more calculated than such a resolve to stimulate young men in the pursuit of knowledge? He recommended the application of thought to some abstract branch of science, instead of wasting energy upon a hundred different lines of inquiry, and in one of his popular addresses, he urged the advantage of reading good authors, as it made the readers denizens of many nations, and familiarised them with the thoughts and ideas of men above the average of mankind. The sermon was listened to with marked attention by an unusually large congregation, among whom were many men connected with the learned societies.



ASCOT, 1871.


JULES. TAVERNER

ASCOT, 1871.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The new Pittsburg (U.S.) Opera-house cost £30,000, and seats 2,100.

A German engineer has invented a curious machine, by which the velocity of a railroad train may be ascertained at any moment.

The average weekly expenses of the *New York Herald* are estimated at 15,000 dollars; the *Tribune* at 10,000 dollars; the *World* at 7,000 dollars; and the *Times* at 5,000 dollars.

The Pope has sent 60,000 francs for the relief of Paris, and several chests of sacred objects for the churches.

A mine has been on fire at Pittson, Pennsylvania, and it is believed that forty-five persons have been killed.

The grasshoppers which have ravaged Utah for four summers are likely to continue their devastations a fifth. Farmers fear utter ruin.

Father Hyacinthe has asked the Pope for an audience, and has been refused.

Darwin's "Descent of Man" is popular in Europe. Already five German translations of it have appeared in Germany and Austria.

A monument to Balfe, the composer, is to be erected in Dublin.

California has 504,017 inhabitants, besides 49,311 Heathen Chinese and 6,895 Indians not taxed.

The Belgian Government having ordered Victor Hugo to leave the country, he is now in England.

Several cases of leprosy in India have been perctly cured by carbolic acid.

A public park has been opened at Congleton.

The cost of constructing Portland breakwater, £1,026,920, does not include the cost of convict labour.

The painters' strike at Rotherham is at an end.

It is stated that the Treasury have fixed the retiring pensions of the late War-office Income-tax Commissioners as follows:—Mr. Talbot, ex-chief clerk, £950; Mr. Whiffin, ex-accountant general, £650. We also hear that the pension of Sir William Brown, C.B., has been reduced to £800 per annum.

Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, is seriously ill.

The elephant brought by the Duke of Edinburgh from India, whilst on its way to London from Plymouth, attempted to get out of the horse box, and crushed its keeper to death in its endeavour to escape.

A contemporary asks if a lover can be called a suitor when he don't suit her.

The Bonapartist organ in London, the *Situation*, prints the letter addressed by Prince Napoleon to M. Jules Favre. It applauds the sentiments expressed, and characterises the publication as a fact of immense significance.

The *New York Herald* is of opinion that what China wants chiefly just now is a "good sound thrashing."

At Rosemond, Illinois, a rat hunt was organised recently in which the entire town took part, and over 6,000 rats were captured.

Up to the present time about 8,000 of the miners engaged in the South Wales steam coal collieries have struck work, and to this number will shortly be added the firemen, enginemen, and carpenters employed in the pits.

The grave of Charles Lamb, in Edmonton Churchyard, is in a dilapidated state.

There is a report that Count Moltke will visit England in order to be present at the military gathering which is to be held on the Berkshire Downs next September.

An explosion of gunpowder took place on Friday in a shop in New-street, Birmingham. The front of the shop was blown into the street.

It is stated that a new poem by Mr. Robert Browning, called "Balaustion's Adventure," will be published this month.

A number of people living in Mitchelstown have been fined £1 each, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, for lighting tar barrels and making other demonstrations of savage joy at the death of Sub-Inspector Meagher, whom they stigmatised as an "informer."

Lord Spencer has returned from his tour of inspection of militia regiments in the south of Ireland.

An extensive conspiracy, having for its object the wholesale massacre of the entire Jewish inhabitants, has been discovered at Odessa, and a general panic prevails amongst the Israelitish population.

The *Telegraph's* correspondent at Versailles thinks there is a crisis approaching in the affairs of France. So soon as the elections are over, the Assembly will declare itself "Constituent," and will proceed to build up the edifice which Frenchmen seem to take a peculiar pleasure in pulling down.

The stonemasons and bricklayers of Lincoln have turned out on strike, the masters having refused to accede to their demand for an increase of 1s. per week in the rate of wages, and the reduction by two and a half of the hours of labour on Saturday.

The Spanish Post Office has determined upon the adoption of post cards such as are in use in England.

There is said to be every probability of a great many ships being paid off this year, and of several new commissions being made. It is intended to send out ships like the *Sultan*, *Swiftsure*, and *Hercules* to foreign stations, so that the British Navy may be more adequately represented.

Sir Thomas M'Mahon will enter upon his command at Aldershot within the next few days.

It is said to be probable that an early *Gazette* will contain the names of some naval officers who were inadvertently passed over on the occasion of the late distribution of the Orders of the Bath.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* contradicts the report that Mr. Goschen is about to leave the Admiralty for some other post under Mr. Gladstone's Government. There never existed the slightest foundation for the statement.

A Constantinople telegram says that Lord Dalling and Bulwer (better known as Sir Henry Bulwer) arrived there on Friday, and was received with distinction by the Porte.

The trade unionists of Sheffield are much scandalised at the statement that several men belonging to the town have been arrested among the Paris insurgents. They deny that any of their leaders have gone to Paris.

The German Parliament decided on Saturday that the dictatorial power which Prince Bismarck considers necessary in Alsace and Lorraine to effect their amalgamation with the empire shall be continued to the 1st of January, 1873.

The Emperor of Brazil is expected at Southampton about the 16th. The corporation decided on Saturday to ask his Majesty to make a public entry into the town.

The site of the Fleet Prison has been selected by the Congregationalists for the spacious hall and public building about to be erected by them for the purpose of their denomination.

The *Journal des Débats* announces semi-officially that MM. Jules Favre and Jules Simon will retain their portfolios; that M. Lefranc has accepted the Ministry of Public Works; M. Lambrecht, the Ministry of the Interior; and General Cissey, the Ministry of War.

The ex-Prince Karageorgewich, and Triflovich and Slandovich, the two persons accused with him, have been acquitted on account of insufficiency of proof.

The Marquis of Hartington has presented a handsome silver paten to the English church at Wiesbaden, which was robbed lately of its communal plate. The Crown Princess of Prussia (the Princess Royal) has also presented a beautiful communion service of silver plate.

The Earl de Grey, at a banquet at New York before leaving, declared that the treaty just signed marked a great advance in the science of diplomacy.

Four men of the crew of the schooner *Good Design* were lost in a squall between Wick and Stornaway on Saturday.

The Right Hon. John Bright and his son arrived at Inverness on Saturday *en route* for the Glen Tulchan Lodge, the shooting quarters of Mr. Bass, M.P. Mr. Bright seemed to have improved in health since reaching the Highlands.

The *Scotsman* repeats the rumour that the Speaker will shortly resign, and be succeeded by Mr. Cardwell.

It is believed the Duke of Edinburgh will be appointed captain of one of our large ironclads.

On Friday and Saturday snow fell in North Yorkshire, and on Friday some of the high moor hills were quite white. Fruit has been much injured by the weather.

The Admiralty, it is stated, have declined to grant the Portsmouth School Board the loan of a hulk for the purposes of an industrial school.

On Saturday a convict at Chatham drowned himself to escape nine years' penal servitude.

Mr. Carlyle has, it is reported, prepared materials for his own biography, which will be entrusted to Mr. John Forster, the historian.

The *Post* informs us that the Chief Commissioner of Works has it in contemplation to add another attractive feature to the metropolis, by displaying the lime light on the great clock tower at the New Palace of Westminster so long as the House of Commons is sitting. The light will be visible from every portion of the town, and when it is extinguished it will be known far and near that the labours of the Legislature are suspended. The arrangements for displaying the light will be under the direction of Dr. Percy and Professor Tyndall.

The King and Queen of Naples are residing in Brussels in the strictest privacy.

Five trains are now running daily between Brussels and Paris.

The death is announced of Dr. James Watson, of Glasgow, who was three times elected President of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and for many years was the "Father of the Faculty." Dr. Watson was in his eighty-fourth year.

Bills have been sent down from the Lords to the Commons which provide for the federation and general government of the Leeward Islands; for the enabling of clergymen permanently incapacitated by illness to resign their benefices with provision of pensions; and for the further protection of purchasers against Crown debts, and for amending the laws relating to the Registrar of Judgments and other officers of the Court of Chancery, Ireland.

The hay harvest in the Isle of Wight has commenced, and the crop promises to be more than usually abundant.

The death is announced of Sir Joseph Rudsdell, the oldest of the Knights Commanders of St. Michael and St. George. He was born in 1783, and was for thirty-four years an officer in the British army, serving in Sicily, Spain, Italy, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. He was sixteen years on the staff, some time lieutenant-colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and Chief Secretary to the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He was married in 1833 to a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Duckle, of Gainsborough.

A Reuter's telegram from Bucharest says the Danubian Chamber was opened on Sunday by Prince Charles in person. His Royal Highness was received with great enthusiasm on entering the hall, and his speech from the Throne was repeatedly interrupted by cheers.

The official reports of the various sections of the Exhibition are already nearly completed.

Sir Stafford Northcote is to be added to the Committee on East Indian Finance.

On Saturday a convent near Cork was entered by four armed men, and two barrels of powder were carried off.

Mr. Childers, M.P., is still at Nice; his health is improving.

On Sunday morning George Brown, Lord Bagot's head woodranger, was found dead, his head being frightfully injured, in a wood near Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire.

The late Mrs. Charles Maclaren, widow of Charles Maclaren, at one time editor of the *Scotsman*, has bequeathed £2,500 to found a scholarship connected with the University of Edinburgh, £200 to the Royal Infirmary, and £200 to the United Industrial Schools. The scholarship is to be called "The Charles Maclaren Scholarship."

The tides in the Thames have been very high since Friday last, and the low-lying districts on both sides of the river have in many parts been flooded.

A bazaar will be held on the 13th and 14th inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms, in aid of the funds of the National Orthopædic Hospital, Great Portland-street. Several of the Royal Family are expected to visit the bazaar.

Sir John Ennis has addressed the electors of Westmeath. He is in favour of denominational education, is opposed to coercive measures, advocates the ballot, and doubtfully supports the home-rule movement.

The directors of the Anglo-Mediterranean Telegraph Company will recommend a dividend of 6 per cent., in addition to the 6 per cent. already paid.

A "Lombard" telegram received from Versailles says that M. Guizot's letter is looked upon as an appeal on behalf of the Orleans dynasty. The same despatch throws doubt on the reported "fusion."

Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, has completed his model of an equestrian statue of Prince Albert, which he was commissioned by the City of London to execute, for the adornment of the open space at the western end of the Holborn Viaduct. The Prince is represented in full uniform of a Field Marshal, his head uncovered, and his plumed hat held in the right hand.

Considerable anxiety is felt for the safety of the new screw steamer *Collingwood*, which left Liverpool on the 5th of April for Bombay, and has not been heard of since. Underwriters are now asking very high premiums upon her. She is a steamer of 1,015 tons, built at Newcastle only last year.

The Bishop of London, at his ordination on Sunday, in accordance with the recent decision in the case of "Hibbert *v.* Purchas," wore a cope. The cope is made of purple silk, lined with black silk and without trimmings.

An American telegram states that very destructive floods have prevailed at New Orleans. In many parts of the city the water was two feet deep, and was still rising.

The *Bosphorus*, steamer, Captain Pearson, from Liverpool to Constantinople, is reported to have gone ashore in the Dardanelles. A contract was made to get her off and reload her, and it was expected that she would be saved.

At St. Mary's Church, Truro, on Sunday, the Bishop of Exeter ordained eight deacons and eleven priests. Some 300 years have elapsed since the last ordination at Truro.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is writing a new story.

The *School Board Chronicle* has an article this week from the pen of Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

A New Pianiste.—The other evening we were present at a matinée musicale given by Mdlle. Marie Secretain, at 107, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, and were much struck by the accomplished grace of the lady as a pianiste. She combines with the finish of Arabella Goddard some of the fire of Thalberg. We do not hesitate to say that the young lady will be found a great acquisition to the musical circles of the metropolis. She was assisted by several French artists who are in London owing to the unhappy state of Paris.

How to Get up a Row with your Wife.—First Plan.—Take her to the theatre. Select the prettiest girl in the house; keep your *lorgnette* pretty constantly fixed on her. Remark to your wife that that is the style of beauty you admire. Wife will get fidgetty and cross. Observe what an odd thing it is that no woman can bear to be told of anybody being prettier than herself. The row will thus be put in good train, and you can make it more or less strong as you please. Second Plan.—Wait until your wife is at her toilet, preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, seasoning the observation by a general series of reflections on the whole sex, as being a set of dressy humbugs, and winding up with a remark that you never knew but one girl who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask who that was, and why you did not marry her. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! why indeed?" The row is now safely under weigh. Third Plan.—Tell your wife you are going to Paris for a month. She will ask to accompany you. Reply that that is out of the question; you are going upon business. Wife will ask what business. Answer that that is a secret which you are not justified in revealing. Wife will say, "Ah, a pretty sort of business that you're afraid to tell your wife of." Do you now keep silent, and the lady will finish the operation of getting up a row herself.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Chest and Stomach Complaints.—The source and centre of almost every ailment is impurity of the blood; dislodge this poison, and disease departs. Holloway's Pills exercise the inestimable power of thoroughly cleansing each component of the blood, and rendering that fluid fit to perform its important functions. They cope most successfully with chest diseases, stomach complaints, liver disorders, and many other maladies, which are at certain seasons the besetting dangers of mankind in town and country. The directions for use enable every one to regulate the operation of these Pills with the greatest nicety. Chronic invalids, nervous sufferers, and all whom other treatment has failed to relieve, are respectfully invited to try Holloway's celebrated medicine, which will strengthen and cure them.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Cheap Dining in Birmingham Market.

That is an almost pre-Raphaelite sketch of one of the most notable stalls in the great Market Hall at Birmingham which appears on page 217 of this paper to-day. In the metropolis or out of it we fancy there is no such cheap dining as is provided at these stalls.

By some ingenious contrivance the roasting process is continued upon the counter. The joints are seen hissing at the pores and the gravy is simmering while the waitress carves for her customers. We cannot imagine where these stall-keepers find butchers to supply them with beef and mutton at a price low enough to enable them to cut those abundant platefuls at the mere nominal charge announced outside the dishes; for the purveyors of animal food in the capital of the Midlands are not more merciful to the consumer than their professional brethren in other parts of the country. These viands for the most part present a wholesome and excellent appearance: the vegetables are good, the roast pork has an odour which must be, we should think, irresistible to a hungry man, the Yorkshire puddings are light, juicy, and delicate in colour, the huge fruit tarts and brown sugar are, no doubt, quite equal to anything that can be provided by the frugal mistress of the working man's cottage. Make the allowance which is absolutely necessary in every case where cheap food is provided for people of limited means, and, as far as observation goes, a capital dinner may be enjoyed upon those three-legged stools for less money than would purchase a pound of raw beef-steak in New-street or Bull-street.

And what are these allowances that must be made? Well, we say it out of no disrespect for the providers of the Birmingham Market Hall, or for the keepers of cheap stalls and refreshment houses in the Midland Counties, in London, or elsewhere, but the most distinct line of demarcation between these and a higher class of provision for the immediate wants of the public is to be made in respect of the forks, the knives, the spoons, the table cloth, the colour of the salt, and those other little niceties in the way of accessories which make all the difference between enjoyment and the reverse of it to the man who is a little particular in his habits. There is the best possible understanding between the host, the waiters, and their customers at the cheap refreshment stalls and shops on these points. The gentleman in the billycock hat who has set down his basket of tools and turned his back to the table while he discusses his basin of pea-soup—of whom our artist has presented a portrait—is not examining the brilliancy of the spoon. He is concerned rather about the heat and the quality of his pennyworth. It is a matter of no moment to him whether the feeding implement with which he has been provided is electro-plated and unsullied by former use, or whether it is dull and dubious of surface, suggestive of recent service in the dispensing of sundry other basins of soup. Presently he will turn round and make with it a dab at the contents of the earthen vessel full of salt, inquiring neither who has been there before him in the same fashion nor whether the next man who wants seasoning for his viands will be scrupulous about mixing up the flavour of pea-soup with his salt. What, indeed, is the use of being so particular? To some of us an opaque and uncertain artificial surface on the inside of the prong of our fork is enough to spoil a dinner, but the customers at the cheap dining stalls do not heed these things, and the waiter, whatever may be his own tastes and notions, is constrained to accommodate himself to his patrons. He may provide a bright bread-knife with immaculate white wooden handle, but the first hungry man who supplies himself with a crust from the loaf will disregard the clean, long-bladed implement, and cut a slice with the identical table-knife which has performed nearly all the duty connected with the disposal of his beef, his Yorkshire pudding, and his greens. We must take life and cheap dinners as we find them, and if we would understand them for what they are, we must watch them without prejudice. These steaming boards, laden with savoury dishes, whereat all comers of spare means may take their fill of good food at the smallest possible outlay, are admirable institutions, and the dinner stall at the Birmingham Market Hall is one of the cheapest and best of them, so far as our observation goes. Certainly it forms an interesting feature in that daily Market, and we advise all visitors to the great hardware town to go and see it.

The Lie Indirect.

There are many ingenious ways of giving the "lie indirect," but the methods are not exhausted. We are about to quote a novel example. A few days ago a vestry meeting was held at Ryde—that charming little town in the Isle of Wight, familiar in the recollection of all English tourists. The speaker was one Mr. Barrow, and these were his words:—

> "In Johnson's Dictionary, under the letter 'L,' there are these two words: 'Lie,' which means anything that is not the truth; and 'Liar, he who does not speak the truth.' Were such a course Parliamentary—were it allowable in a discussion of this kind, I should apply these words to the two individuals before me."

This was ingenious, and we are happy to find the artifice was so far effectual that Mr. Barrow's words neither elicited a challenge nor a flying ink-bottle. Fortunately for us the cause of quarrel is not an important element in this incident. If it were, we should not be able to supply it, though we have read through the report of this lively vestry meeting. There appears to have been a question whether a gentleman—a third party—was justified, in the interests of the public, in allowing "those steps opposite the pier gates" to be erected; but the plot is too complicated for our unravelling. We prefer making another quotation from Mr. Barrow's speech:—

> "Let me ask why, if I was to be found fault with—let me ask these two very honest gentlemen—speaking what is not true and cowardice always go together—why they did not bring the matter before the meeting when I was present? Because they were too cowardly to do it!"

At this point the eloquence of indignation seems to have carried the speaker along with a rapidity which outran the pencil of the reporter, who therefore adds: "Mr. Barrow addressed the Vestry for some time in this strain." It is a pity that the whole of the speech was not preserved. When, at length, Mr. Barrow stopped it was not through exhaustion. He was called to "order," and then Mr. Birkin, one of the gentlemen referred to in relation to those two words selected from Johnson's Dictionary, "requested Mr. Barrow not to lecture him; he would not be schooled by Mr. Barrow."

"Schooling" seems to us a rather mild term to apply to the lecture from which we have quoted, but Mr. Barrow understood and adopted his opponent's word, as witness the following incident:—

> "Mr. Barrow: But you must! I will school you!
>
> "Mr. Birkin: I'll not submit to it.
>
> "The Vicar rose to order, and after a vain endeavour to induce Mr. Barrow to discontinue his address, or to get the meeting to listen to him, declared that he could not conduct the proceedings, vacated the chair, and left the meeting. He was accompanied by Mr. Flux, the assistant overseer, and Mr. Barrow."

The troubles of the evening were not, however, at an end on Mr. Barrow's departure, for:—

> "Mr. Knight and Mr. Birkin made some remarks upon what had taken place; and as it was getting quite dark, Mr. Knight went to see about the gas; he came back and said the Town Clerk had refused to have it lighted. He had therefore sent for a pound of candles that would not require snuffing; and pending their arrival he would move his first resolution. The assistant-overseer had taken away the books and pens—it was a wonder he had left the ink."

In the dark an appropriate resolution was passed, requesting the parish officers to convene a meeting for the purpose of applying to the Poor Law Board, "for permission to warm, light, and furnish a room for holding vestry meetings."

From this specimen of a vestry meeting at Ryde, we should imagine that artificial warmth would be quite unnecessary.

Workhouse Luxuries.

It is one of the arts of life in prisons and workhouses to extract from the certificate of the medical officer better fare than that prescribed by the dietary tables. If success in this department of human ingenuity may be taken as the measure of skill, then the inmates of the Alverstoke Union-house in Hampshire are among the cleverest of their kind, as witness the following figures quoted by Mr. Ridout at a recent meeting of the Ulverstoke Guardians:—

> "Mr. Ridout said there was a subject of some importance which he thought it right to bring before the guardians for consideration. In 1867 a return was obtained from ten unions—namely, Andover, Alderbury, Basingstoke, Droxford, Fareham, Fordingbridge, Petersfield, Portsea, Westbourne, and Southampton—of the amount of medical comforts given to the paupers during the quarter ending in March, 1867, and from this it appeared that the comforts given in the parish of Alverstoke far exceeded in quantity those given in other places. In the Portsea Island Union, with 1,610 inmates, the consumption of brandy was 166 1-20 pints against 202 8-20 pints at Alverstoke; gin, 174 15-20 pints, against 700 8-20 pints at Alverstoke; port wine, 282 3-30, against 57 12-20; sherry, none, against 113 1-20 pints; porter, 1,650 gallons, against 1,652 2-8 gallons; eggs, none, against 2,353 at Alverstoke, the figures respecting Alverstoke referring to the last half year. From the statement of the cost of the medical comforts for the half year ending at Lady Day this year it appeared that the supplies at Alverstoke had been as follows:—2,353 eggs, costing £12 17s. 9½d.; 412⅜ gallons of ale, £15 8s. 11¾d.; 1,652 2-8 gallons of porter, £82 10s. 3d.; 7 32-160 gallons port wine, £5 15s. 2¼d.; 14 23-160 gallons of sherry, £9 3s. 10½d.; 25 48-160 gallons of brandy, £26 11s. 3¾d.; 87 88-160 gallons gin, £54 14s. 4½d.; fish, £15 6s. 10d.; fowls, rabbits, and gravy beef, £30 19s. 4½d.; total, £253 7s. 11¾d. The supply of eggs to the parish of Alverstoke when the return to which he had alluded was obtained was found to be in excess of the number supplied to the whole of the ten unions put together. Surely some steps ought to be taken to ascertain whether the amount of money expended in medical comforts could not be reduced in the future."

In the course of the discussion the consumption of sherry in the workhouse became the subject of comment, Mr. Ridout observing that there was not another union of the ten referred to where sherry was served out, and

> "Upon one occasion, when he (Mr. Ridout) was at Southampton, the doctor told him that Alverstoke was one of the most extravagant parishes in England.
>
> "Mr. Wallingford said there was no wonder that the rates were so high.
>
> "Mr. Ridout thought the matter of such vast importance as to demand immediate consideration, for the poor people, who experienced very great difficulty in paying their rates, rarely, if ever, saw a drop of gin.
>
> "Mr. Wallingford: No, and very few of them ever have a piece of meat."

The unanimity led to a resolution, which met with general assent, and was carried *nem. dis.*:—

> "Mr. Carter moved—'That the board, having observed the large consumption of medical comforts as compared with other unions, request the attendance of Dr. Lowes at the next meeting, to give some explanation on the subject.'"

Workhouses are not usually attractive looking buildings. Generally they are as ugly and uninviting as it is possible for the architect to make them. On the other hand, the gardens that surround them are often very charming, and suggest that the kitchen is well supplied with vegetables and fruit. The paupers who are set to work to dig, and weed, and plant-out, perform the unpaid labour in a very leisurely fashion, but there are plenty of "hands," and the work is done well. The potatoes, the cabbages, and the carrots are, no doubt, very useful in the house, but what becomes of the more choice productions? This is a question that has been put at one of the meetings of the Canterbury Guardians:—

> "Mr. J. Carter inquired what the asparagus beds at the rear of the house were planted for.
>
> "The Master answered that they were intended to supply asparagus for the use of the officers of the house.
>
> "The Court expressed an opinion that the Master should have consulted the guardians prior to laying down asparagus beds, and appeared to object to land being devoted to the cultivation of a dainty dish for the officers."

The Master and officers of a workhouse live in the house, and their food is a part of their pay; but these gentlemen think the line should be drawn at asparagus, and we fear that in the next season the Master will find it necessary to sow that asparagus bed—over which he has watched this spring, no doubt with anxious and loving care—with potatoes for the inmates. The same Master, we regret to learn, has been requested to discontinue the keeping of tame rabbits, as this short paragraph shows:—

> "In answer to a guardian, the Master said he had not yet got rid of the rabbits which the Poor Law inspector had raised an objection to his keeping, and the Court advised him to do so in a few days."

This little item of workhouse life in Canterbury indicates that the interests of the ratepayers are not altogether overlooked. We would not, however, we think, did we rent a house within the town, object to the Master growing, within the union ground, a few sticks of asparagus for his table. Life is surely not so hard a struggle as all that comes to.

Ginger Beer.

Though everything connected, not only with the consumption of intoxicating drinks, but with the history of total abstinence from that indulgence, has been well worked these nearly forty years by the teetotallers, we do not remember ever to have heard, from them or from others, any account of the origin of ginger beer. The subject, from a local aspect, has been under discussion recently in a Yorkshire town. There appears to be a dispute as to who is the rightful claimant to the honour of being the first to introduce ginger beer into Hull. The present state of the investigation is indicated in the following letter which appeared in a recent number of the *Eastern Morning News*:—

> "I think your correspondent, 'J. A.' is in error when he states that Mr. Burditt was the first maker of ginger beer in Hull. I have always understood that a Mr. Sanderson, wine and spirit merchant, was the original maker in Hull, and that he was in the habit of advertising himself as the original maker, and I think there are advertisements to that effect in the *Hull Advertiser* of the date of 1814. Sanderson's beer was very celebrated at the time; it was sixpence per bottle, but he put a portion of white brandy in each bottle, which made it so dear. He was a great man during the election of 1818, and took the part of the pink, or Staniforth's party. In an election squib of that time, which is now lying before me, he is made to take a ridiculous part in the pantomime of 'The Subscription,' and while Jerry Kirkus, another noted character at that time, played the Clown, Sanderson played the Harlequin, 'who (for this night only) will leap into a bottle of ginger beer.' His warehouse was in Dock-street, adjoining the shop of Mr. Moore, joiner, and as I lived in that neighbourhood as a boy, I have often been in his cellar and seen the ginger beer bottled."

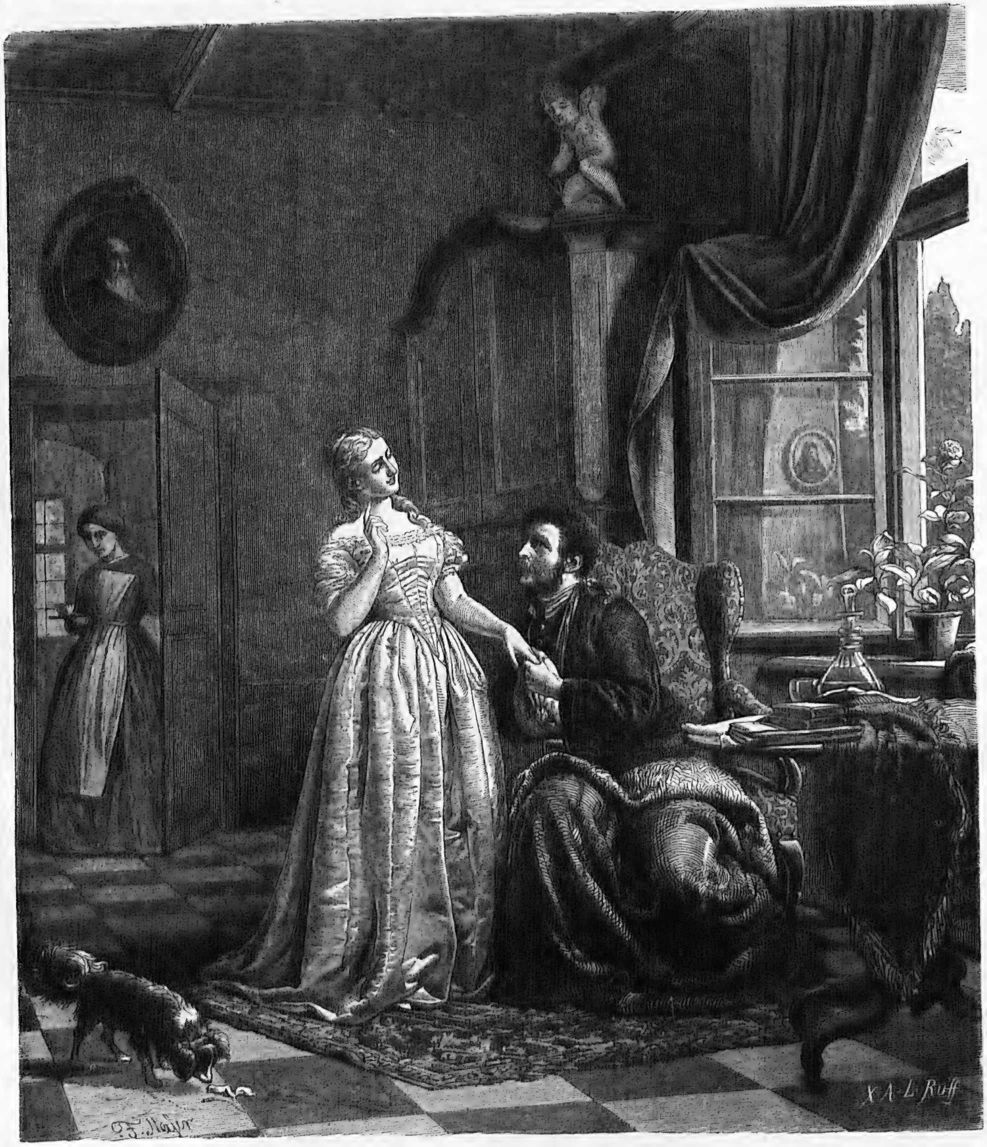
These local antiquarian researches are usually interesting, and we do not know why they should not be pursued even when the subject of inquiry is nothing more than ginger beer, though it is a beverage which has never achieved much popularity, and is now held in very small esteem. But if ginger beer had not an introduction to the public in Hull before 1814, was it unknown till then in other parts of England? We should be glad to hear of some town disputing precedence with Hull in the matter of the origin of ginger beer.

Mononymous.—Mr. Dickens often asked Douglas Jerrold to contribute to *Household Words*, but Jerrold invariably declined, in consequence of the non-appearance therein of the names of the authors of the various articles. "Ah!" said Dickens, on one occasion, "but we are all anonymous." "Yes," replied Jerrold, taking up a number of the magazine and reading from the head of a page, "Conducted by Charles Dickens," and turning over a leaf or two and reading again "Conducted by Charles Dickens," and then turning over more leaves and once more repeating the phrase, "I see, very mononymous."

"More than a year ago one of my children was attacked with bronchitis, and, after a long illness, was given up by my physician as '*past cure*.' I was then induced to try your 'Vegetable Pain Killer' for it, and from the time I began the use of it the child rapidly got better, and is now strong and healthy. "John Winstanley.
"10, *Whittle-street, Liverpool, Jan.*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son."

THE CONQUEST AFTER THE BATTLE.

OUR artist has been happy in his subject and lucky in his title. This is indeed a conquest after the battle. The soldier has gone through hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach; he has fought with the victorious and come back a conqueror; but with all his valour and greatness there is a "young man" with a bow and arrow behind the curtains who has completely vanquished him. The beautiful creature by his side, in the full flush of early womanhood, has tamed the warrior with a face, a smile, and a pair of eyes. She is a maiden fair to see, but although she has conquered the conqueror, we hope she is not fooling him, for the wound she would give might not heal like the wound that has been inflicted on him in battle, and quietness and a sling would be of no avail whatever, unless he were to take the sling from his arm, put it round his neck, tie the other end to the table, and throw himself out of window. It is evident this warlike man would gladly capitulate, he is surrendering, he is, in fact, a prisoner—a happy prisoner. He will be sure to spill the coffee down his neck that the domestic is bringing in—that is if he gets it, and we think this is doubtful, for the maid is evidently afraid to disturb her mistress's *tête-à-tête.* She may have experienced that it is decidedly annoying to be disturbed under such circumstances. We hope she will retire—we think she will too. What does he want with coffee, poor fellow?



THE CONQUEST AFTER THE BATTLE.

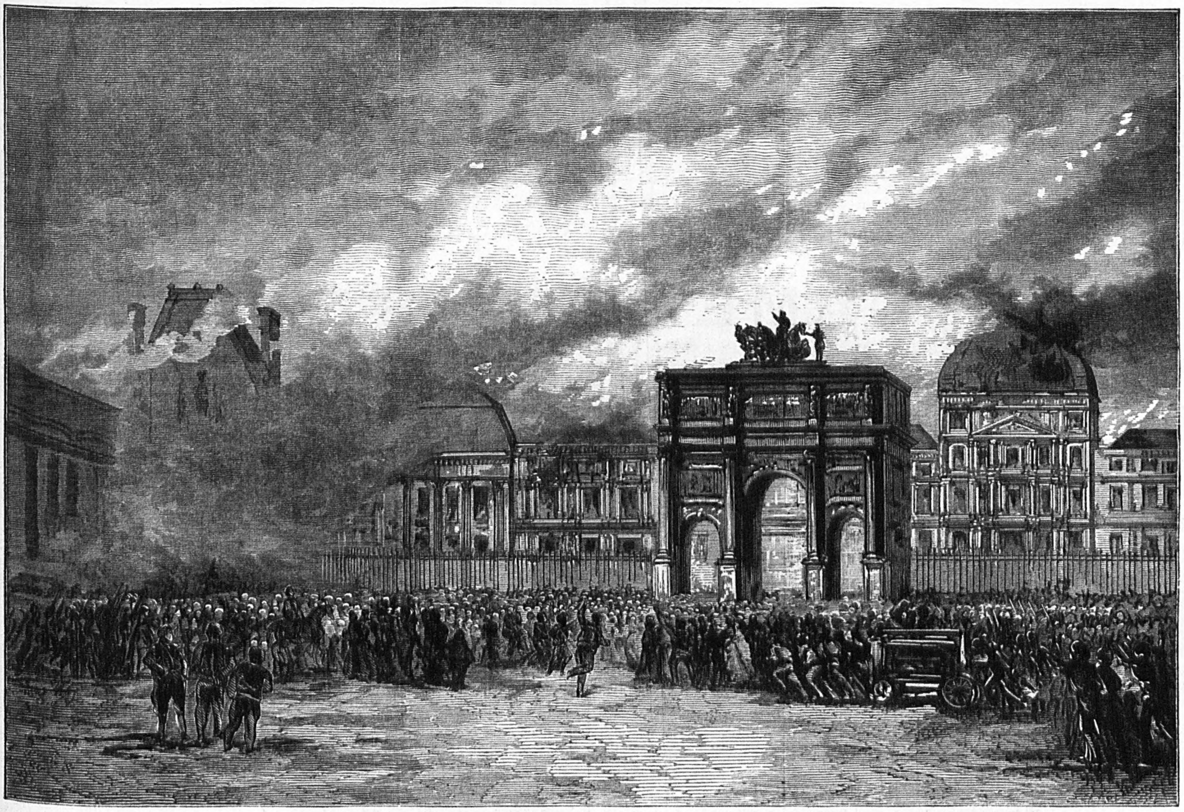
HALIFAX SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE COMMEMORATION.

IN 1831 took place the jubilee in honour of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, and since then at quinquennial periods the event has been commemorated by the Sunday scholars of the Halifax district. The eighth of these commemorations took place on Tuesday, May 30, and there can only be another before the "jubilee" becomes known as a "centenary." From 1836, when the first celebration took place, these demonstrations have grown in interest and importance. They have known no falling off. The numbers who took part in the proceedings this year were about double what they were thirty-five years ago. What is aimed at is a great musical performance—American-like in its vastness, Yorkshire-like in its harmony and power and thoroughness. Except as to any change to be noticed in point of attendance, and the differences that are periodically wrought in personal appearance by freaks of fashion, these quinquennial gatherings at Halifax differ very little from each other. There are always the same difficulties to be met with in connection with them—always thousands upon thousands of fresh children to train and take the place of those who cease to be children; and the progress that is made, while it may be the result of better training, can scarcely be the result of experience. Progress has been made. Some of the hymns and choruses were more difficult than any undertaken at former gatherings, and there was no instance of failure. There were about 30,000 performers. Of these, 28,853 were teachers and scholars, 400 were adult vocalists, and 500 were instrumentalists. There were some 20,000 spectators, and the weather favoured the gathering.

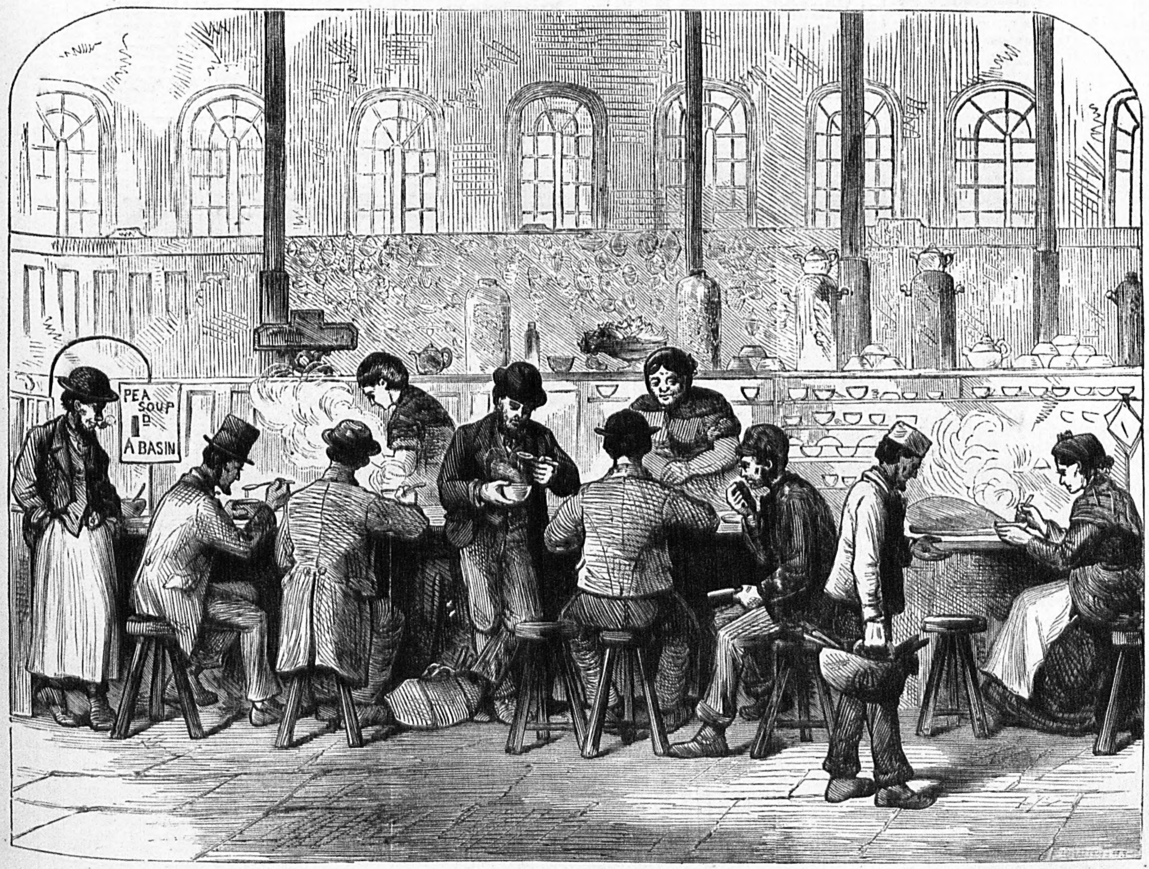
It would be difficult to find a building more suitable for such a demonstration than the Piece Hall at Halifax. Its great quadrangle forms an admirable muster ground for the children. Its corridors afford an uninterrupted view of the space they enclose, and behind them are rooms which on occasions like the present are readily let at high prices to those who are disposed not merely to witness the spectacle, but to entertain their friends. The commemoration commenced at noon, and, with an hour's interval, it lasted until half-past three. Some of the children were at least four other hours within the building. They commenced to enter the courtyard at ten, and it would be half-past five before the last school was on its way home. Many of the spectators were in the corridors before nine, and in about two hours all the space reserved for them was fully occupied. Temporary galleries had been thrown out in front of the upper corridors on the west, north, and south sides. At the east side the orchestra had been placed. It sloped up from the ground to the upper corridor, and covered a large portion of the east side of the hall. The temporary galleries were covered in front with red cloth. The line of colour thus obtained greatly relieved the smoke-stained walls and columns of the permanent building; but otherwise there was no attempt at decoration. Decoration, indeed, was not needed. The children, terrible with banners, and beautiful in their summer dresses, made up a brilliant sight as the sun shone down upon them. The girls came out bravely in ribands and light summer clothes. The boys had not much to boast of in this respect, but by force of contrast they made the girls look all the better as they mixed among them with their sombre jackets and caps. The banners were a feature in the display. Very wisely they were restricted to a certain size, but, with equal wisdom, there was no restriction as to shape or colour. There were not two of them alike. Some of them were exceptionally fine specimens of workmanship. Some had the gloss of newness upon them. Some were banners that had been at most of these commemorations, and were borne as proudly as a soldier would bear an old regimental flag. Some were classical enough to be suggestive of the old Roman days; others were of a kind that might have been borne by the Knights Templars. Others, again, looked like heraldic shields with bars sinister over them; and there were a number decorated with the most delicate needlework. But, whatever their shape or colour, they all bore in plain letters the name of the particular school in front of which they were carried, and, as each school passed into the courtyard and was conducted to its place, its friends at once identified it and cheered it on. There was no confusion as the children assembled. The arrangements, as before, were of a character to prevent that. Each school had a site allotted to it, and each site had been balloted for many weeks before. Every school followed its banner-bearer, and there was a steward to take every banner-bearer to his proper place. From ten o'clock up till twelve the children marched into the hall from the west and south entrances. A great many of them were headed by bands. Now it was a Methodist, then an Independent, next a Unitarian or Baptist school, or the children from some of the charitable institutions. It was difficult to follow the order of their arrival, but it was clear that all the Sunday schools in the Halifax district, save the Roman Catholic children and those connected with the Church of England, were represented.

The day was a complete holiday in Halifax. The increased passenger traffic was more than the railway companies could decently accommodate, and in the emergency they made third-class carriages out of cattle trucks.

We give an illustration of the event on another page.



THE BURNING OF THE TUILERIES BY THE COMMUNISTS.



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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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NOTICE.

THE SCHOOL BOARD OF LONDON.—The Official Records of the London School Board, from the first meeting to the present time, are appearing in THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. The Official Minutes begin in No. 8 of the CHRONICLE, for April 8.

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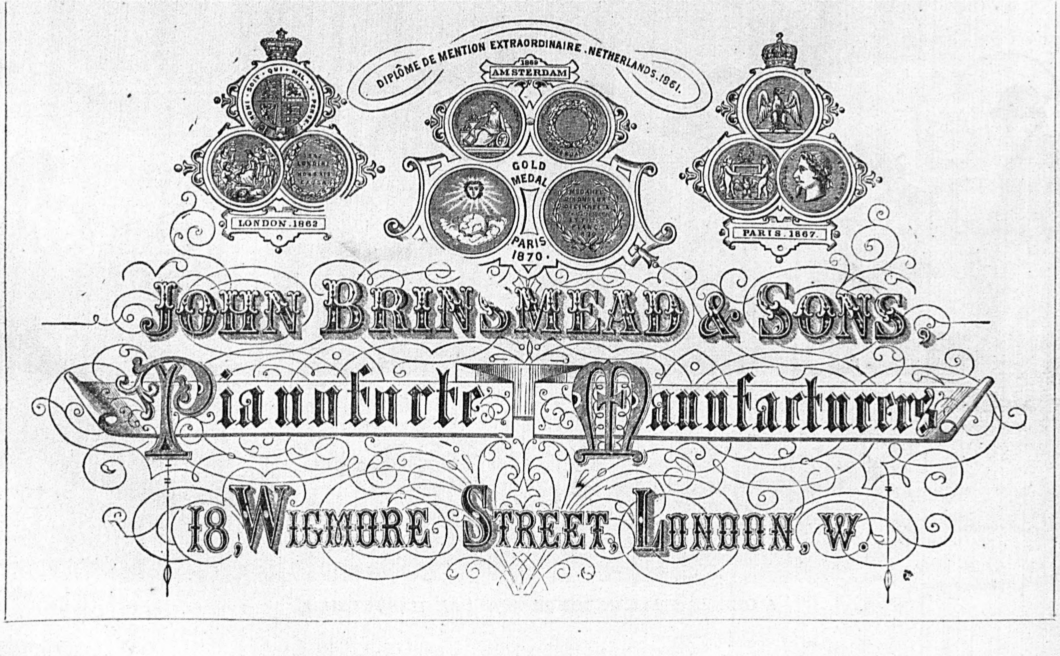
THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. Nos. 1 to 16 are now in print. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring Back Numbers, they can be obtained from the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet Street.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GOLD MEDAL
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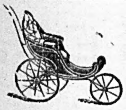

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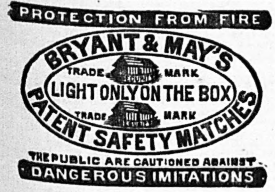

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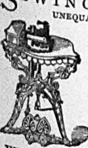

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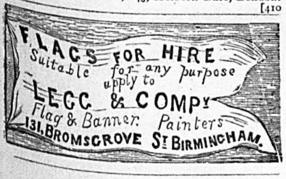

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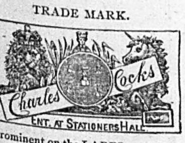

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1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

Application for Agencies Invited.
FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

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Prepared by Leath & Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.
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The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied.

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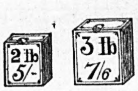

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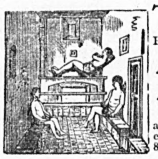

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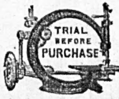

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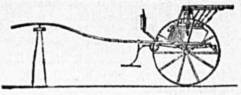

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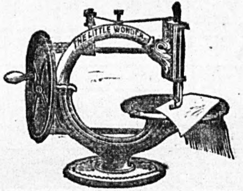

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CHEAP MACHINES ARE DEAR in the end, costing much for repairs, spoiling much material, wasting much time, and giving no satisfaction.

But is it not more economical to do without Machines at all? Is it not better to do our sewing by hand, as formerly?

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Accidents cause Loss of Time.
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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

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GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

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SINGING!!!

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'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

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Printed by GRANT & COMPANY, at 72-76, Turnmill Street, and Published by them at 102, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—Saturday, June 10, 1871.